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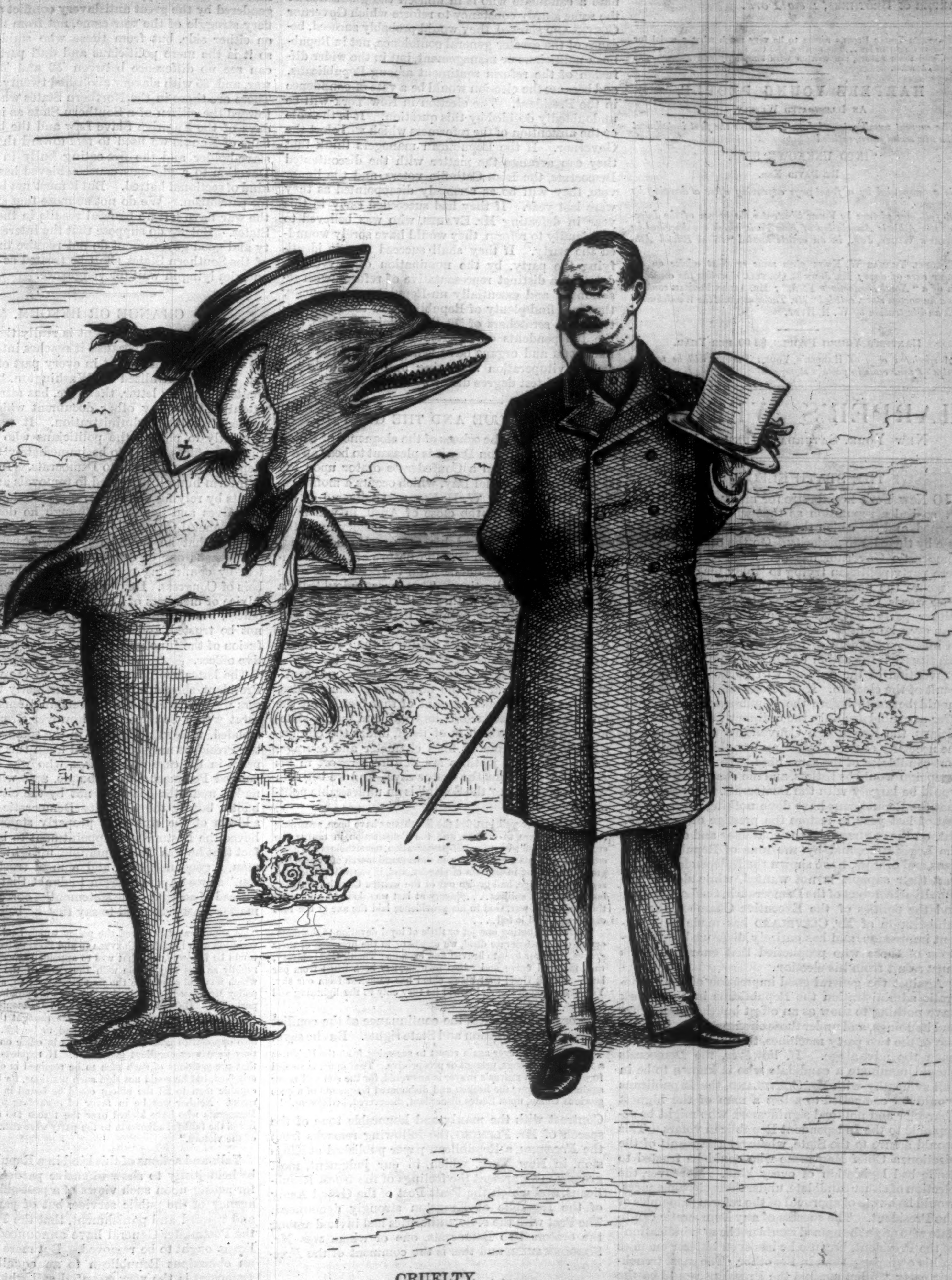

CRUELTY.

DOLPHIN. "What! go to sea, Secretary WHITNEY? Why, that might make me seasick!"

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BY DAVID KER.

It is accompanied by a front-page engraving after a drawing by THULSTRUP.

A full-page picture by FROST *illustrates the games of the Interscholastic Athletic Association of New York, which are described by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *in an article headed "Rival School Athletes."*

COLONEL THOMAS W. KNOX *gives some excellent advice on the proper care of dogs;* MR. JOHN R. CORYELL *describes the construction of a "Novel Home-made Yacht";* MR. ALLAN FORMAN *contributes a humorous story, entitled "Mr. Thompson and the Woodchuck," with an illustration by* W. H. HYDE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885.

THE STATE ELECTION.

NO New York Legislature for many years has had so bad a reputation as that which has just adjourned, and for which the Republicans were responsible by their large majority. On the other hand, the Democratic Governor has made the reputation of a mere party politician trying to "play his card," so as to secure the nomination for the Governorship. In other words, the winter's work at Albany has helped neither party, but has shown still more distinctly than ever how little either party, as such, stands for an intelligent policy or for honest government. In this situation the action of the first nominating State Convention of the autumn will go far to decide the result of the election. If the Democratic nominations should be made before the Republican, and should offer as candidates only the ordinary Democratic politicians, the Republican Convention would not feel the necessity of doing better, and would probably present candidates of the same kind. In that event, the campaign would be listless, and the chances of success would be largely with the Democrats. The reason is that the Republicans have done nothing since the defeat of last year to restore the prestige of the party, but, on the contrary, by the character and conduct of the Legislature, and by the tone of Republican organs and orators, have shown the Independent voters that their support is not wanted, while despite the equally ill conduct of the Democrats in the Legislature, and the politics of the Executive Chamber, the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND has made an excellent impression, and has entirely disproved the assertions of those who prophesied that enormous evils must result from his election.

Against the general good impression of the Democratic administration the Republicans in New York have nothing to show as an offset but the Legislature and its doings, and under those circumstances, in a contest of the two party machines, the Democratic would have the advantage. If, however, the Democrats should nominate a candidate who is known to be in full sympathy with Mr. CLEVELAND, the Republicans would be compelled to select a man of the highest character and political significance, who might be acceptable to the Independent Republican voters. This would assure to the State, whatever the result of the election, a Chief Magistrate who could be trusted to baffle bad legislation of every kind. Moreover, the election of either candidate, under these circumstances, would be a vote of approval of the reform principles of the President. The success of any Democratic candidate who might be named would not be a "vindication" of the President, because he has even bitterer enemies in his own party than in the other. The most trenchant party verdict against the President would be the success of a Democratic candidate in New York who was known to be really hostile to his reform convictions and principles.

The next three years in this State will be of the most vital importance to reform. During that period the effort which was made in New York, and which is now making in Massachusetts, in the words of one of the trading politicians, "to break up the whole d——d thing," will either succeed or fail. If the desperate tricks and hostility of the spoils peddlers should be baffled for that time in this State, and the President should hold fast, which there is no reason to doubt, the reform would be so firmly established in operation, and so warmly sustained by public opinion, that it could not be easily disturbed. Against such a State Legislature as that of this year the Executive Chamber would be the citadel of honest administration and political fidelity. If the Republicans should nominate a candidate who is in himself the guarantee of the same sturdy constancy to reform which Governor CLEVELAND showed, they would probably succeed, because of the greater general confidence, not in Republican politicians or management, but in the wider diffusion of the reform sentiment among Republicans, and because the election would be a vote of confidence in the President. The election in New York will be undoubtedly decided by this question. It is the vote or the abstention of the reformers which will elect the Governor. If the Republican managers think that they can arrange the matter with the discontented Democrats, the Irish Catholic voters, and the liquor vote, they will be as seriously disappointed as they were last year. If they had succeeded early in this year in defeating Mr. EVARTS, who was believed to be friendly to reform, they would have sorely wounded the party. If they shall succeed now in identifying the party, by the nomination of any candidate but a distinct representative of reform, with reactionary and essentially un-Republican tendencies, they will find plenty of Republicans of the same mettle as the scratchers of '79, the abstainers of '82, and the Independents of '84—Republicans, as the party managers and organs have learned, whom the most frantic vituperation and lying and ridicule do not in the slightest degree disturb.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

IN the midst of the echoes of the eloquence of Union orators on Decoration Day it is pleasant to hear an answering strain from a Confederate orator upon the Confederate Memorial Day, which occurs a month before our own. Mr. W. H. FLEMING delivered an address at Atlanta at the close of April, in which he considers the probable judgment of history upon the Confederate soldier and his cause. He holds that the essential question was the nature of the government. It was a conflict between the doctrine of State rights and centralization. There was undoubtedly a question of the exact nature of the dual system of the Union. But, in our opinion, that was not, as Mr. FLEMING thinks, the moving cause of the war. Except for slavery, the exact nature of the government would have been a point of casuistry.

We may concede, however, that the national sentiment was stronger in the non-slave-holding States, and history will take account of that fact. But the interest of the discourse is its frank and manly statement of truths, which is of itself, under the circumstances, an evidence of high character and courage, and which fully justifies Mr. SCHURZ's report in his *New South*. Thus the orator says—and we beg him to remember that "the South" is an undesirable political term—

> "But, however well justified the South may have been, according to human nature, to custom, and the Constitution, in taking the steps she deemed wisest for self-preservation, nevertheless it is a solemn fact that this great country, in the onward march of events, had grown out of the institution of slavery, and, if you will pardon the seeming sacrilege, had grown out of the written Constitution as it bore upon that subject....Slavery at last was doomed, and, amid the tempest of war, God in his providence laid the axe at the root of the tree, and it fell....
>
> "Without abating one jot or tittle of loyal devotion to the memory of our Confederate dead, we can here, in the presence of their graves, turn our eyes to heaven and exclaim: Thank God! slavery, that material curse and moral incubus, has been lifted from our land. Thank God! that black cloud has vanished from our sky. Yes, even though it could spend its fury only in the lightning and thunder of war."

The orator anticipates the continuance of the conflict between centralization and State rights. But he says:

> "No State will ever again resort to secession from the Union as a remedy for wrongs, present or prospective. That much is settled forever. Mr. WEBSTER's prayer is answered, for the sun will never again shine upon 'the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, upon States discordant, dissevered, belligerent.'"

Contrast with the manly and honorable tone of the speech of Mr. FLEMING the following remarks from the *Freeman*, a Republican paper published at Kingston, in New York, which, in our judgment, most grossly misrepresent the feelings of the truest Republicans, and which the Pratt Post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Kingston strongly denounced. The Post with the civic authorities had invited among the orators two Democrats, one of whom was Mr. SCHOONMAKER, and this is the comment of the *Freeman:*

> "The memory of the dead soldiers is not in the thoughts of the men who have now got control of the arrangements. Two peculiarly despicable creatures will address the crowd in the evening, it being presumed that by that time it will have become so drunk as to be unable to discriminate between the talk of a traitor and that of a patriot. Now the rebels are in control at Washington, and these men are coming forward to tell you that they are the patriots and you the rebels of the new dispensation. Remember your manhood. You have fought better men—men who were not like them, cowards and sneaks as well as traitors—with bullets and bayonets. Now fight the miserable scoundrels with the overwhelming weapon of your contempt."

Mr. FLEMING, we understand, is a young man, and his speech shows a spirit in the young men of the Southern States, a patriotism and generosity of feeling, which are very far removed from a sullen and stupid Jacobite devotion to a lost cause. It merits from honorable men in the Northern States something else than sneers at Confederate brigadiers and the rebellion in the saddle. As it was long ago observed that the constant appeal to the cries and passions engendered by the great antislavery conflict and by the fiery struggle of the war came, not from the soldiers on either side, but from those who staid at home, so it is the mere politicians and dull partisans who can see no difference between '50 and '60 and the war, and '85 with slavery abolished twenty years ago. There are those in the Northern States who still feel toward the citizen of a Southern State as in the dark days of the Fugitive Slave Law and the border ruffians of Kansas we used to feel toward the Southern slave-holder and the fire-eating bully in Congress. Devotion to a glorious cause achieved has become a kind of sectional hatred. But it must not be mistaken for patriotism. We do not suppose that slavery and the war have left no baneful results in the Southern States. But we do suppose that the interests of liberty and good government do not require that citizens of the Southern States shall be treated as rebels and enemies lying in wait for vengeance.

CHANGE OR REFORM.

THE Post-office Department is really the great patronage department, because it reaches into every little village and settlement in every part of the country, and is centralized at Washington. The Postmaster-General's letter, therefore, has attracted more attention than any other document which has proceeded from the Administration. It was intended evidently to placate the politicians who insist that the post-offices ought to be immediately taken from Republicans and given to Democrats. In proposing to inform himself in regard to removals and appointments by relying upon the representations of Representatives and Senators, although he does no more than General GARFIELD in his letter of acceptance intimated that he should do, the Postmaster-General strengthens one of the worst evils of the spoils system by confirming patronage in the hands of members of Congress. He can not safely depend upon the advice of members of Congress in regard to the post-offices, both because it is not disinterested and can not be trusted, and because it is an improper confusion of the functions of a legislative and an executive officer.

The letter, moreover, to carry out the views of the President, should have stated distinctly that, as officers were to be removed for certain offenses, no Democrat would be appointed, however strongly recommended, who was offensive in the same way. Even the President may be deceived upon this point, as appears in the case of Mr. HAM, who was recently appointed Postmaster at Dubuque, and who was serenaded upon the occasion, not by the citizens of Dubuque, but by the Key City Democratic Club. The address of the club very properly stated that it believed the Postmaster's appointment to be due to the fact that he was "an honorable, upright, and capable man, a good neighbor, and a most trustworthy citizen," as we have no reason to doubt that he is. But instead of accepting the statement as correct, Mr. Postmaster HAM proceeded to say that he believed

> "his appointment presaged the policy which he knew from conversation with President CLEVELAND and Postmaster-General VILAS would be followed, and that was to appoint Democrats to office as rapidly as was compatible with the good of the public service, which was and should be the first consideration, and this was the policy Mr. HAM had resolved to adopt in his administration of the post-office. He was a believer in the old Jacksonian doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils.' He thought that an army of patriots, like a force in the field, had to be fed. Mr. HAM was also opposed to retaining Republicans in office on the score that they were very excellent gentlemen. If requested he would see that the petitions of such men to be retained in office were properly filed, but he could not sign such petitions, for he believed that capable men to fill the offices could be found in the Democratic ranks. Neither was he in favor of rewarding with office those Democrats who have kicked over the traces too often, as he believed the faithful adherents to the party were entitled to the fruits of the victory."

Talk and actions of this kind in a Republican would be held justly to show offensive partisanship. It is for acting upon such views of a post-office, not as an agency of the public service, but of party discipline and reward and punishment, that the President and the Postmaster-General have announced that Republicans ought to be removed. But mere change from an obnoxious Republican to an equally obnoxious Democrat is the very essential evil which the people of this country propose to reform. The Postmaster-General's letter is an indirect tribute to reform, because it assumes that removals are not to be made merely upon the ground of Republicanism, but for a proper reason. That is a just deference to the strong reform sentiment of the country. But if it should prove to be only a pretext for change, that sentiment will be neither deceived nor silent. In every community it will be known whether the removal and the new appointment involve a change which for the reasons stated ought to have been made, and which promises improvement, or whether it merely substitutes a Democratic politician for a Republican. The Administration and its party will be largely judged in every village of the United States by the change or retention at the Post-offices. If the Democratic member of Congress in the district is to decide the matter, that judgment may be easily anticipated.

NO CENSUS THIS YEAR.

GOVERNOR HILL has made a serious mistake in declining to sign the Census Bill, and so preventing the legislative apportionment. His objection to the collection of statistics may have been very sincere, and he was not a dictator in stating and maintaining his view with all his constitutional authority. But when he had re-assembled the Legislature, and the responsible majority insisted upon its view, the importance of the census is such, and the difference of opinion between him and the Legislature involving no principle, he might well have yielded, and, while restating his view, signed the bill.

The Governor's attempt to make the difference a party question is futile, and the other questions of petty patronage between him and the Secretary of State have disappeared. The result is that the Governor deprives the State of a census and of a proper electoral apportionment, and gives it nothing in return. His original constitutional objection does not hold against the long line of precedent, and the theory that the Legislature in special session could only pass such a bill as his proclamation indicated is untenable.

The Governor's view of the veto power is unsound. The anomaly of giving to an executive officer a legislative authority equal to that of two-thirds of one House of the Legislature is evidently not meant to interfere with the popular will, as represented by the majority, upon questions which are substantially indifferent, like that of the scope of a census and the manner of taking it. The Governor having asserted his position, can properly yield, and leave the responsibility with the majority. Even his own party will not support the Governor in the present veto; and if he had any thought of its possible bearing upon the nomination for the Governorship, he will discover probably that he has not promoted his chances of securing it.

THE ATTACK UPON MR. LOTHROP.

THE New York *Tribune* recently published an article which the chief Republican journal in Michigan, the Detroit *Post*, in the city of MR. LOTHROP'S residence, declined to publish. It consisted of a citation from an opinion of Judge POTTER, in the New York Court of Appeals, in 1854, from the views of which a majority of the judges dissented, while upon other grounds they concurred in the judgment rendered. The opinion of Judge POTTER alleged "fraudulent concealment" against Mr. LOTHROP in a case of claim for money which he had argued for the Phœnix Bank in New York. This is happily one of the cases in which character avails, and those who knew Mr. LOTHROP, and who now for the first time heard the charge, were no more disturbed by it than they would have been if they had heard the charge that Senator EDMUNDS had been guilty of forgery or CHARLES SUMNER of taking bribes. They awaited the explanation.

Mr. LOTHROP at once published a clear and simple and conclusive statement. He said that having made his argument upon the facts submitted to him by his clients, and with the explicit assurance of the late Mr. THOMAS TILESTON, then president of the Phœnix Bank, that not one cent of the claim for which he contended had been paid, and having made his argument with the strongest conviction of the justice of the claim which he advocated, the whole amount was awarded to the bank. Some time afterward it appeared that certain facts had not been disclosed to the Board, and that part payment had been made to the bank. "In this concealment," says Mr. LOTHROP, "I had no part nor lot, except that I was the attorney of the bank, and did not disclose what I neither knew nor suspected." He adds that he has always supposed Mr. TILESTON to be equally ignorant. That settled the matter. There is no pretense of proof, direct or indirect, that Mr. LOTHROP made any "fraudulent concealment," or knew of the payment which had been made many years before. There is on one side the assertion of Judge POTTER, in whose views the majority of his associates did not concur, and on the other the life and character of Mr. LOTHROP. As the Detroit *Post* truly says, he "could not have been a dishonest man in 1853 without showing his real character in other transactions since that time."

On the day after the publication of this matter in the *Tribune*, a Republican member of the Michigan House of Representatives offered the following resolution, which was adopted by a unanimous and rising vote:

> "*Resolved*, That the people of Michigan are fully aware of the integrity, rectitude, and blameless life of Hon. G. V. N. LOTHROP, United States Minister to Russia, and feel that he needs no vindication in the community where he has lived so long; but inasmuch as he has been calumniated by strangers through a sensational and reckless press, the Legislature of Michigan, speaking for the State, desires to reiterate to the country its profound respect for Mr. LOTHROP, its high estimate of his character and ability, and to spurn the aspersions which have been cast upon him, and to again congratulate the President and the people of the United States on an appointment which in so eminent a degree secures to the public service a gentleman well fitted by his purity and commanding talents to cast honor upon the country which he will represent in foreign courts."

At a meeting of the bar of Detroit, after warm speeches of commendation from the senior State and from the United States District Judge, resolutions of the same unqualified character were unanimously adopted. We do not recall an aspersion of the character of a distinguished citizen more promptly and effectually disposed of. Mr. LOTHROP has no reason to regret the resuscitation of an assault upon his personal character, of which, had Judge POTTER known him, it is but fair to assume that the judge would not have been guilty.

The *Times* recalls, also, the fact that the majority of the judges of the Superior Court, which first heard the case, entirely exonerated Mr. LOTHROP.

"DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT."

MR. ALBERT STICKNEY'S *True Republic* showed an ardent and active mind, apt for political speculation, and its clear, crisp, and incisive style left no doubt of his meaning. This is equally true of his *Democratic Government*, which is just issued by the HARPERS, and which is full of the suggestions of a keen observation. It is not a ponderous treatise, but a small and convenient book, which singularly stimulates the reader's attention.

This is not surprising, since it is the work of a very clever man, who, as he says, hopes to convince the reader that there must be a thorough reorganization of our whole political system if we intend to have wise, honest, and efficient administration. Our present constitutional scheme, in Mr. STICKNEY'S judgment, has developed a tyranny, not of men, but of system, which prevents the government from representing the popular will, and concentrates all political initiative and activity in the hands of a class of professional politicians. No patching or fragmentary reform, he thinks, will answer, and the proper remedy is a Constitutional Convention, which shall recast the frame of the government upon certain principles which he sets forth. The people, or authorized citizens in primary assemblies, are to select representatives to other assemblies, which will name all legislative and executive officers, who will hold office until the proper primary assembly removes them, and who will appoint all their subordinate agents. The present Congress will be resolved into one House, with no voice whatever in the President's appointments, but it will control and remove the President.

Such a summary of course can do no justice to the scheme which the author advocates and explains with great address. Whatever may be thought of his remedy—and the most obvious criticism is that it is not according to the genius of the English-speaking race, which amends and adjusts, and does not begin *de novo*—the author makes a very strong statement of the fact, which is perceived by all thoughtful observers, and which is the impulse of reform, that the serious and threatening trouble in our practical politics is the "machine." It is very interesting to see how a fearless student of political tendencies and workings like Mr. STICKNEY reaches the same conclusions with those of other public-spirited citizens who aim at specific reforms of the existing system rather than a recasting of the whole. His little book, with Mr. FISKE'S *American Political Ideas*, is well worthy of careful reading and consideration.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT AND REFORM.

THE St. Louis *Republican*, a Democratic paper, charges President WHITE, of Cornell, with making an unqualifiedly false statement in saying that "it is an open secret that Mr. HENDRICKS is opposed to civil service reform." The *Republican* says that the Vice-President is in favor of civil service reform principles so far as the law goes, but is opposed to the retention of Republicans in the offices they hold at present. If the *Republican* will recur to Mr. HENDRICKS'S speech in Brooklyn just after the election, it will see that President WHITE is precisely correct, and that the Vice-President is in no sense of the term a friend of civil service reform.

If it will then turn to Mr. CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance it will find that he says: "The selection and *retention* of individuals in the public service should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service." It will find, also, that in his letter to the Reform League, Mr. CLEVELAND says:

> "There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service, but which are so disconnected with the politics of an administration that removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power."

The *Republican* as a party organ will thus see that if Mr. HENDRICKS is opposed to the retention of Republicans in the offices they now hold, Mr. CLEVELAND, the official head of the Democratic party, is not opposed to it. Mr. HENDRICKS does not conceal his hostility. In public places he has been heard to denounce the law which the *Republican* says that he favors, and to misstate its details, showing that he did not understand it. Mr. HENDRICKS was nominated, as the Vice-President often is, to propitiate the minority of the Convention. He represents the Democratic Bourbons, and Mr. CLEVELAND the progressive Democrats. The two forces are contending in the Democratic party, as they have been long contending in the Republican party, and we are very sure that Mr. HENDRICKS would not thank the St. Louis *Republican* for suggesting that he favors any other reform in the civil service than turning out every Republican because he is a Republican, and replacing him with a Democrat because he is a Democrat.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most thoughtful shoe-dealers in the United States lives in this city. He has been very successful, and the secret, he says, is as follows: "When a lady customer wants a pair of twos, I really give her a pair of two-and-a-halfs, but call them one-and-a-halfs."

—A gentleman well known in this city as a connoisseur and patron of art owned one of the valuable pictures that were recently mutilated by vandals at the Royal Academy Exhibition. The work was insured at its full value, but on inquiry he ascertained that his policy did not cover acts of vandalism.

—MRS. CUSTER'S *Boots and Saddles* has been received by the foreign critics with a greeting not less warm than that which welcomed it in America. The *Academy* recommends it as "one of the best books of the kind which has ever come before us." "MRS. CUSTER supplies us with an extremely interesting, and, as far as we have been able to test it, very accurate picture of army life on the plains." The value of the book is increased by "a hundred matters which only a lady would think of describing," and the first impression made by a perusal is "the vastness and varied character of the New World."

—The Princess LOUISE opened recently an interesting exhibition of work made by persons in a thickly populated district during their leisure hours. Her interest in the affair had been so active and unselfish that one of the visitors remarked to a lady that there was "not a man who has seen her to-day who would not die for her"—which recalls the times of the Hungarians and MARIA THERESA.

—The income of the late Earl of Dudley was $500,000 a year for half a century. But for many years his health had been bad and his reason impaired, and people who saw him sad and silent in his carriage beside the celebrated Countess of Dudley, his beautiful wife, were wont to pity him.

—A recent voyager around the Cape of Good Hope reports that in December last, on deck, at mid-day, under the vertical sun, the thermometer was 36°, and that he wore both summer and winter flannels, a chamois waistcoat, a great-coat turned up at the neck, and lined gloves. He wondered what the doctors are about when they recommend to invalids with weak lungs a voyage around the Cape, especially as soon after leaving Teneriffe the temperature, which had been 83°, began falling, and a strong south-east trade-wind blew in his teeth.

—The citizens of Elizabeth, New Jersey, without distinction of party, recently presented $1000 to Mr. FRANK BERGEN, for four years the attorney of the city, in recognition of his services in bringing about a settlement of the long-vexed debt question. In accepting the gift Mr. BERGEN told a bright story about General BUTLER, who, when conferred with about the matter, said: "Only one town ever met this debt question squarely. That was Bagdad, Iowa. It got into debt to build a railroad, and when shingled and plastered with judgment taxes, it concluded to move four or five miles further West. The inhabitants put their houses on rollers, and left Bagdad to their creditors."

—Miss CLEVELAND, the President's sister, is about to publish a volume of her public lectures and letters. She is a logician and a reformer, and her style abounds in pictorial and impassioned periods.

—Some of the youthful letters of the late Lord BEACONSFIELD contain such characteristic passages as these: "Look at me; here you see a man who is quite willing to boast of being what every one else would despise, if only he can thereby convey to the world that he despises it much more than it can despise him." "To govern men you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them; I do the latter." "With the united assistance of my English, Spanish, and fancy wardrobe I sported a costume in Yanina which produced a most extraordinary effect on that costume-loving people."

—While Mr. E. A. ABBEY is delighting the public with his water-color drawings, Mr. DU MAURIER has so failed with an exhibition of one of his that the *Spectator* regrets "that he should have left the medium in which he is a master to exhibit in one in which he shows to disadvantage."

—Not fifty miles from London (says Mr. LABOUCHERE in *Truth*) there is a rural postman who, twenty years ago, was thought to be medically unfit for a permanent appointment. He was therefore made a temporary letter-carrier. His wages are twelve shillings a week. He has to walk thirty-five miles a day. He is liable to instant dismissal, is not eligible for any pension, and enjoys no annual holiday. In England we do not buy or sell our slaves; we only hire them temporarily.

—London *Standard:* "We have a proverb that good daughters make good wives, and in virtue of that we look forward to a happy future for the Princess BEATRICE."

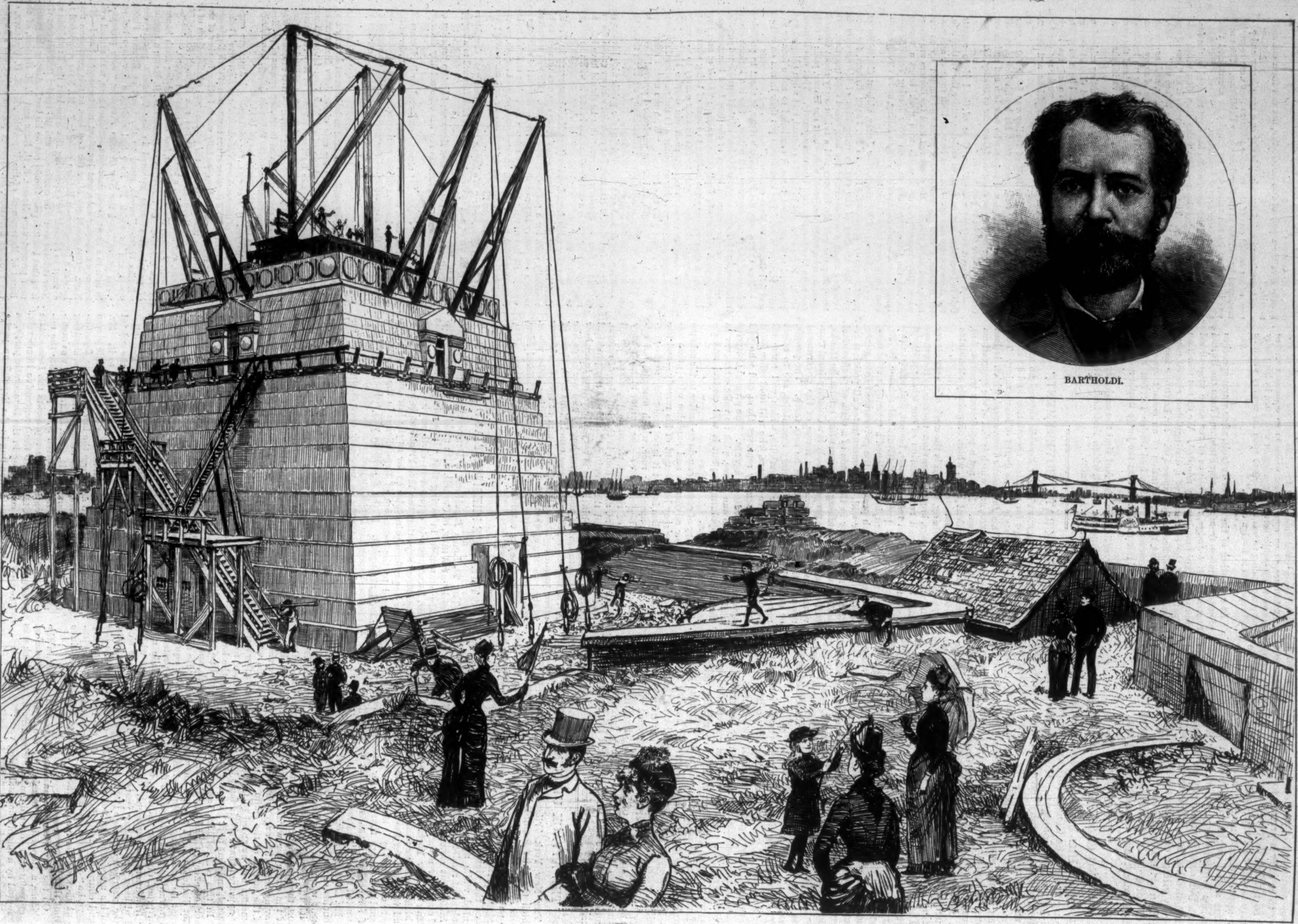
—Ex-President HAYES says that there are fifty-two varieties of birds on his grounds, and that his son has collected fifty different kinds of birds' nests.

—The King of Greece has recently conferred on Dr. MORRIS H. HENRY, of New York, the honor of Officer of the Royal Order of the Saviour, with the insignia of the gold cross. The decoration was bestowed at the suggestion of the faculty of the University of Athens, in recognition of Dr. HENRY'S distinguished service to medical science.

—Those who may be inclined to believe that a professional pursuit of any branch of athletics is fatal to intellectual activity may be recommended to consider the case of Mr. JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD. Mr. WARD is the captain of the New York League Nine, and his portrait was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 16, among those of other professionals, as that of the most skillful base-runner and one of the finest "all-round" men. On Wednesday, May 27, Mr. WARD took the second prize in the department of political science at the Commencement of the Columbia College Law School, of which he is one of the graduates of 1885.

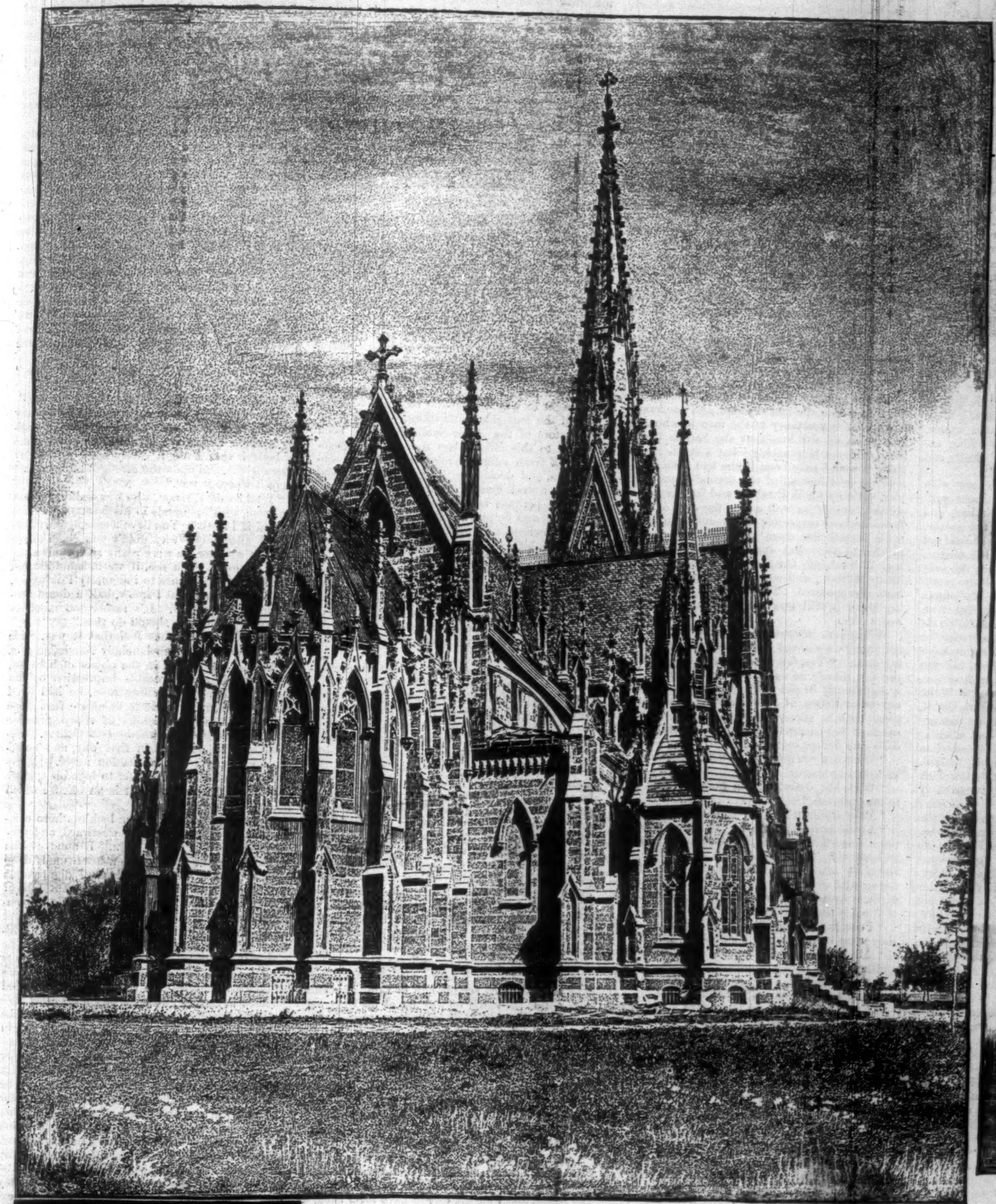
—Mr. CHARLES H. HASWELL, the distinguished American engineer, and author of the well-known *Mechanics' and Engineers' Pocket-Book*, has been made a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain—an honor especially worth having, in view of the strict scrutiny that is given to the professional qualifications of a candidate. Mr. HASWELL'S manual has run through forty-eight editions, and has attained a total sale of nearly 100,000.

—Mr. THOMAS NAST, the artist, has been receiving fresh honors in New Orleans. By invitation of Colonel W. D. MANN, a number of prominent citizens gathered in the Colonel's private car, "Etelka Gerster," which stood on the track at Elysian Fields Street, and in which Mr. NAST had arrived a few days before. "The guests," says the New Orleans *Picayune*, "were presented in turn to a short, stout, dark-complexioned man, with arched eye-brows, an aquiline nose, and luxuriant mustache and beard—Mr. NAST. One would say after the first look at this gentleman that he was a foreigner—a Belgian possibly." Mr. NAST responded to a toast to himself by expressing the hope that the Exposition at New Orleans would be continued, and the resolve that his first visit to that beautiful city should not be his last. Among the gentlemen present were Messrs. S. H. BUCK and E. M. HUDSON, of the Board of Management of the Exposition, Mr. N. D. WALLACE, of the Produce Exchange, Mr. GEORGE NICHOLSON, of the *Picayune*, and Mr. WALKER, of the *Times-Democrat*. At the close of the reception Mr. NAST visited the Pickwick and Boston clubs. It was pleasantly remarked of Mr. NAST, in one of the New Orleans journals, that "he is one of the few artists who does not flatter himself in drawing his own picture."

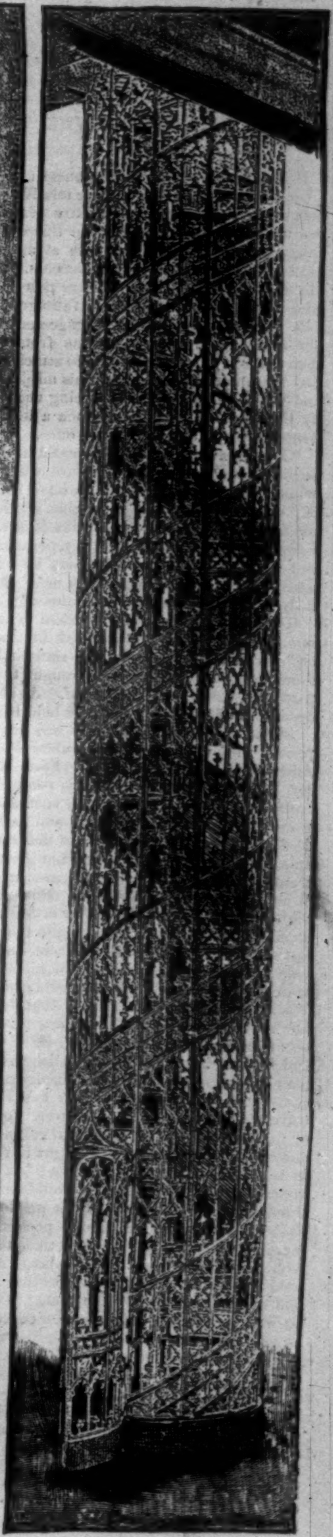


BARTHOLDI.

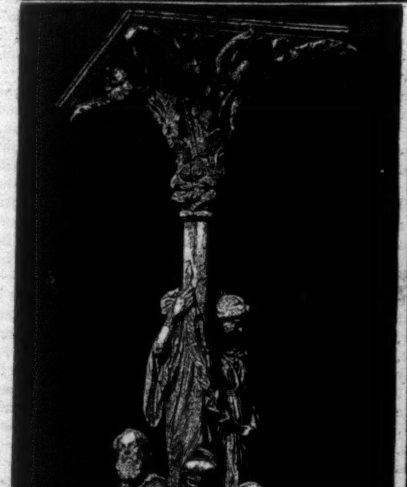
PEDESTAL FOR BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY ON BEDLOE'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 359.]

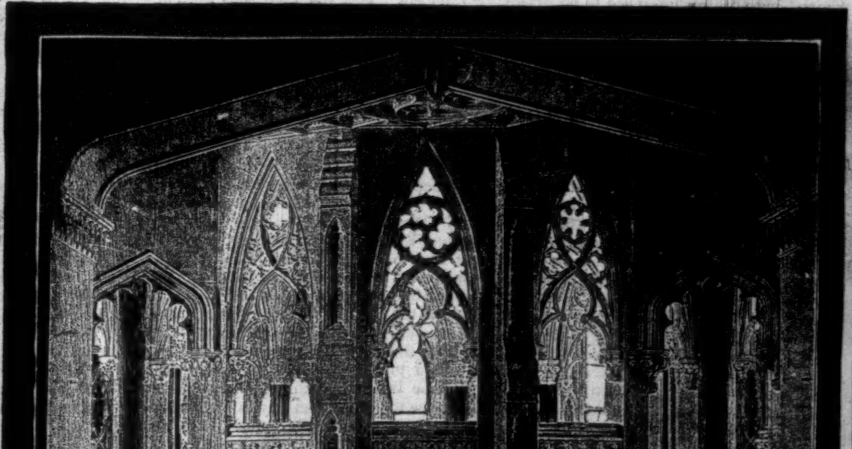


REAR VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

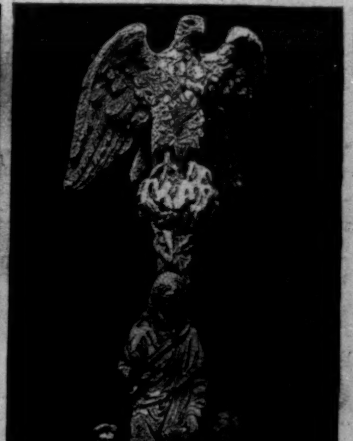


STAIRCASE IN TOWER.





THE STEWART CRYPT.



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE INCARNATION, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.—[SEE PAGE 359.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.[*]

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WRATH OF MR. WILBRAHAM.

Doubtless there are circumstances under which it becomes a duty to inform some relative or friend that he is conducting himself like a perfect idiot; but under no circumstances can this duty be an agreeable one to those who are at all likely to discharge themselves of it with success. The people who find satisfaction in it are precisely those who might keep silence with advantage. Georgina's announcement of her engagement brought her such hearty congratulations from her brother that she felt it impossible to attack him then and there upon the subject of his misdemeanors; and when, a few days later—being urged thereto by De Wynt—she ventured upon a tentative remonstrance, he checked her at once.

"For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "don't begin to scold! I am not sure what are the crimes that you suppose me to have been guilty of; but to save time, let us say that I have broken the entire decalogue at a blow, like Moses. Well, I don't repent. I am not in a repentant humor, and you won't bring me into one by telling me what a poor opinion you have of me. Really and truly, you had better leave me alone."

Georgina was very much inclined to agree with him. She secretly sympathized far more with her brother than with her sister-in-law, and thought that the latter had brought the greater part of her troubles upon herself. As she did not deem it prudent to say this, she held her tongue.

In the mean time, De Wynt was not the only person who was keeping a watchful eye upon Adrian and his proceedings. From the outset Mr. Wilbraham had detested his successful rival. Indeed, he was a man to whom successful rivals were very apt to be detestable, and he would, no doubt, have discovered plenty of defects in Adrian's character, if the latter had not saved him the trouble of making any research in that direction. When, therefore, he saw Vidal dancing half the night through with that naughty little Mrs. Black, or sitting in dark corners with the more demure but not less dangerous Mrs. White, and when at balls, dinner parties, and crushes he looked in vain for Vidal's wife, his blood began to boil. Where was Mrs. Vidal? Did that fellow lock her up, so that he might be the more free to carry on his endless flirtations? Did he ill-treat her? Did he beat her? Wilbraham believed that the man was capable of it. His apprehensions became at length so harassing to him that he resolved to find out whether they were well founded or not by the simple expedient of calling in Alexandra Gardens. Some men might have felt this to be an act of doubtful wisdom; but it did not appear so to Wilbraham, who would no more have thought of making love to his neighbor's wife than of picking his neighbor's pocket, and who merely wished to be assured that the woman who might have ruled over his heart and household was contented with the destiny which she had chosen in preference to that. What course he was prepared to adopt in the contrary event he had not asked himself.

He found Clare at home and alone. She was sitting beside her work-table, and as she rose to receive him, laying down the doll which she had been dressing, a faint flush mounted into her cheeks. Evidently she was a little surprised at seeing Wilbraham, who had never until now chosen to darken her doors; but she did not express her surprise in words, and it was he who experienced a momentary embarrassment. He accounted for his presence, after a few minutes, by saying:

"I called to see whether you were still alive, Mrs. Vidal. I meet your husband almost every evening; but you never. Why do you hide yourself from your friends in this way?"

"The few friends that I have in London know where to find me," answered Clare. "I am not particularly fond of parties."

"Yet you used to be fond of them. I don't think anybody enjoyed balls more than you did in Rome."

"Ah, that was a very long time ago."

"Two years."

"Well, two and a half. But two years may be a long time. It all depends on what has happened in the course of them. One can't manage to enjoy dancing after one is married quite as much as one did before."

"Your husband—" began Wilbraham, but stopped himself. It would be rather bad taste to tell her that her husband did not find matrimony incompatible with social diversions; and, besides, she could hardly require to be informed of that fact. "You were ill nearly the whole winter, were you not?" he asked, abruptly. "You don't look very well now."

"Don't I? I feel perfectly well," answered Clare; "and I was not really ill then. I am afraid I am always ready to make the most of any excuse for getting out of London."

"Of course you are!" cried Wilbraham, warmly; "and quite right too! A born and bred Londoner may go on filling his lungs with coal smoke and persuading himself that he likes it, but as for anybody who has been accustomed to breathe *air* keeping well here, I simply wouldn't believe him upon his oath if he asserted such a thing. And why on earth should you live in a place which you hate, and which doesn't agree with you? Vidal isn't a doctor or a lawyer or anything of that kind. You ought to insist upon his moving into the country."

Wilbraham fastened eagerly upon this grievance, in default of a better, and made himself quite hot over it. His vehemence rather amused Clare, who laid her work down upon her knees and looked up at him with a smile.

"Married people can't insist upon having everything that they wish for," she remarked. "Some day, perhaps, Mrs. Wilbraham will insist upon spending the greater part of the year in London, and then what will you say?"

"I shall give in, or rather I *should* give in. I don't say that I should like it; but I would let her have her own way if I thought it would make her happy, and I certainly shouldn't hesitate for a moment if I thought her health depended upon it. However, it does not much matter, as the case will not arise."

"Let us hope not. Still, it may."

"Excuse me; it can not arise. I shall never have an opportunity of showing my devotion to Mrs. Wilbraham, for the excellent reason that there never will be a Mrs. Wilbraham. I think you must know that."

Clare stitched on at her work without replying, and presently Wilbraham asked, "Do you mind my saying so?"

"I would rather you did not talk like that," answered Clare, glancing up at him for a moment. "It—it seems such a pity!"

The pity of it all was very visible to her. She could not help being touched by the constancy of the man whom she had rejected, and contrasting it with the inconstancy of the man to whom she had given all the love that she had to bestow. She could not help seeing what a much happier thing it would have been if she had been able to love the first instead of the second—much happier, not only for Wilbraham and for her, but for Adrian himself, as well as for the clan of young Irvines, whose respective careers might have been made smooth for them by a rich and powerful brother-in-law. But she had not been able to love Wilbraham; she had not been able to help loving Adrian; and so everybody concerned had been disappointed. There was no use in thinking about it, still less in talking about it, but it was a pity.

Wilbraham unconsciously echoed the last of her thoughts without having divined the preceding ones. "Yes, it's a pity," he agreed, "but, as you say, there's no use in talking about it."

Apparently he did not find it easy to hit upon any other theme of conversation, for he sat for some time in silence, gazing at Clare, who had resumed her occupation of putting little naked dolls into decent clothing.

"What are you going to do with those things?" he asked at length.

"With the dolls? I am going to take them to my children."

"Your children?"

"At the hospital, I mean. Did you know that there was such a place as a Children's Hospital in London? I did not until a short time ago. Somehow one doesn't associate the idea of suffering with children. Yet they do suffer—some of them dreadfully; and I think the saddest part of it all is their patience."

"Poor little things!" said Wilbraham. "Do they want money at this hospital?"

"All hospitals want money," answered Clare, smiling.

"I'll remember. And so you take them dolls and things? Do you go there often?"

"I manage to go there most days. They have got to know me now, and I flatter myself that some of them are disappointed when I don't appear. I enjoy sitting with my children much more than going to balls."

"Well, but that isn't quite natural," remonstrated Wilbraham. "It's very good of you, and just like you, to take pleasure in visiting the sick, but it ought not to be your only pleasure. At your age you ought to like amusement."

"But I don't, you see."

"That is just it; that shows that there must be something wrong. No one who was happy at home would want to—to run off to a hospital every day."

This was assuming a little too much, and Clare perceived that she had been imprudent in allowing such an inference to be drawn. "I did not mean you to understand that I was unhappy at home," she said, with a slight accent of displeasure. "I don't know why you are so determined to take that for granted. I remember that you said the same thing to me a year ago."

"Yes; I know. I ought not to say it, I suppose; but I can't pretend that your happiness is a matter of indifference to me. It is not very likely that I should cease to care from the moment that you married whether you were happy or not. Can you tell me that you are?"

"You have no right to ask," returned Clare. "Supposing that I were as miserable as you wish me to make out, I certainly should not like to confess it; but you would put me into such a position that I should be almost obliged to confess it. The truth is that you can't believe in the possibility of my being happy with any one except yourself. You made up your mind from the first that my husband and I were not suited to each other; and when you discover that he is fond of society, and that I am not, you begin to triumph."

This was rather hard upon poor Wilbraham; but Clare felt that she must be hard upon him if she wished to preserve her self-respect. To complain to him of Adrian would be disgraceful, and to let him go away with the impression that cause for complaint existed would be scarcely less so.

Such, nevertheless, was the impression with which he did go away. He accepted his rebuke meekly enough. He apologized, and begged Clare to forgive him; but not the less was he convinced that she was a martyr. He left the house, full of pity and anger, and with a bitter sense of impotence. She had chosen her lot, and neither he nor any one else could alter it. That fellow would go on as he had begun—if, indeed, he did not grow worse as he grew older—and the end of it would be that some fine morning he would elope with one of the married women to whom he was so fond of paying court. Just the sort of thing that a man of that description was bound to do sooner or later.

"I should dearly love to break his head for him!" muttered Mr. Wilbraham as he strode down Cromwell Road, brandishing his stick, and scowling fiercely at the surprised pedestrians whom he met in that interminable thoroughfare.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CHILL PENURY.

It is said by the experienced in such matters that there can be no greater mistake than altering the name of a newspaper or a magazine which has been for a certain time before the public. According to this theory (which, if correct, exhibits the intelligence of the ordinary reader in a somewhat startling light), you may change your politics, your editor, your writers, and other trifling adjuncts without thereby lessening your average sale, since those who have been purchasers will continue to be purchasers from mere force of habit; but the moment that you adopt a new title your publication becomes a new one, and must fight its way into popular recognition in the face of the customary difficulties. Possibly the proprietors of the *Anglo-Saxon* may have been advised to this effect when they took to themselves a fresh editor, revised their list of contributors, and decided to bring their periodical out once a week instead of once a month. If so, they had perhaps omitted to take into account that there may be just as much risk in retaining a name associated with failure as in discarding one which has hitherto been connected with success. Be that as it may, the young *Anglo-Saxon* could not be got to rise resplendent from the ashes of the old. Country clubs and reading-rooms did not seem to care about it, the railway traveller fought shy of it, and its contemporaries did not welcome its appearance in that brotherly spirit which the enlightened mind is ever ready to display toward a rival.

Of course there were various ways of accounting for so discouraging a state of affairs. The editor averred that the cold shade of Pilkington still brooded over his paper; Egerton complained that the tone of the principal articles was too flippant to please; while Adrian was inclined to attribute the small sales to the invincible stupidity of the public, against which, as we know, the gods themselves contend in vain. But there could be no difference of opinion as to the fact that the paper was not paying, had not paid in the past, and showed little sign of paying in the future. That being so, the time seemed to have nearly come for singing its requiem. And one disconsolate contributor only sighed and murmured, "I expected this," when he received a note from his chief briefly informing him that the forth-coming number of the *Anglo-Saxon* would be its last.

Obviously, the very first thing to be ascertained was what effect this collapse was likely to have upon the pecuniary interests of the humbler proprietors; and Adrian promptly set forth to seek out Mr. Larkins and question him upon the point. For three days he sought him in vain. Larkins was not at the office, he was not at his club, nor could he be heard of at his private residence at St. John's Wood, which *ultima Thule* Adrian reconnoitred without avail.

"It really almost looks as if the man wanted to keep out of my way!" he exclaimed at last, to Percy Kean, whom he had chanced upon in the course of his peregrinations, and who laughed and said: "I don't know why he should want to keep out of your way. You can't bully him, now that he isn't your editor any more."

"I never did bully him; it was he who used to bully me. I am anxious to see him now, because I happen to have invested £2000 in his confounded paper, and I should like to have them back, if quite convenient."

Kean whistled. "You don't say so! I had no idea you were such a—h'm—public-spirited fellow. But what are you going to do with poor Larkins when you catch him? I don't suppose you'll find your two thousand inside him if you kill him and cut him open."

"No; but he always managed the money, I believe. At least I used to be paid for my articles by checks bearing his signature."

"Oh! Well, there may be a balance of £2000 at the bank for him to draw upon; but I shouldn't think it was over and above likely. If I were you I should look up old Egerton. That's your best chance."

Adrian rather thought it was, though at the same time it did not strike him that his best chance was a particularly good one. However, he betook himself to the house of Mr. Egerton, whom he found not only at home, but quite ready to condole with him.

"Upon my word, Vidal," said he, "I feel quite ashamed when I think that it was I who originally led you into joining this fiasco of an *Anglo-Saxon*. All I can say is that I honestly believed I was doing you a good turn at the time."

"I am sure you did," answered Adrian. "You couldn't foresee that it would be a fiasco."

"No, by George! nor that it would be such an expensive one either. If I had—but there's no use in grumbling about it. It's the old story, you know—a fool and his money. Well, I shall know better another time."

"You consider your money lost, then?"

"It's all spent, at any rate. In fact, I don't know that I shall not have to spend a little more, for we haven't finally squared up accounts yet. I suppose it's all right, but it seems to me as if this paper must have been utterly mismanaged."

"I put two thousand into it," observed Adrian, mournfully.

"Sorry to hear it. Pilkington tells me that he did the same."

"I imagined from what he said that he had put in more. It was he who persuaded me to make the investment, though I was rather unwilling to do so. But I did think that I should at least be able to withdraw my money when I wished."

"So you could, I suppose, so long as it was there to be withdrawn. What was to prevent you?"

"Mr. Larkins prevented me. That is, he represented that I should give offense if I left you just at the time when the paper was taking a fresh start. And he gave me to understand that the chief proprietors would not allow me to incur any loss."

"If Larkins said that," cried Egerton, reddening, "he said a most improper thing! Larkins seems to think that he can take the coats off our backs, and that we shall immediately offer him our cloaks also. I am sincerely sorry that you should have dropped money; but if I make myself responsible for other people's losses in addition to my own, may I be part proprietor of an infernal silly newspaper for the rest of my days! You must see yourself that such demands are preposterous."

"I am quite aware that I have no legal claim," began Adrian.

"Nor any moral claim either, that I can see."

"Well, I hardly know as to that. I must say that Mr. Larkins warned me that he was speaking without authority; but he certainly led me to believe that I might safely leave my money where it was, and upon the strength of that I did leave it where it was."

"Well," said Egerton, who was walking about the room, with his hands in his pockets, "I'll be hanged if I see it! You have a case against Larkins, I allow; but why didn't you come to me and ask whether we were really such fools as he made us out? You see, if we indemnified you we couldn't well refuse to indemnify Pilkington, and, for anything that I know, half a dozen others into the bargain. It's rather too much to expect of us that we should do that."

Adrian could not but feel that it was. He went away with the melancholy conviction that he had not only failed in the object of his visit, but had left a disagreeable impression behind him. Though still a young man, he had lived long enough in the world to be aware that those who have been the victims of sharp practice should never proclaim themselves victims. Enmity may be obtained in that way, and sometimes contempt; but restitution never. Moreover, he had caused Egerton to lose his temper and speak sharply, and that is an offense which no man can easily forgive.

These reflections kept our luckless hero company as he wended his way westward, and very poor company he found them. It annoyed him to think that he had behaved in an undignified manner; but a momentary loss of dignity was not, after all, so bad as the permanent loss of £2000; and this again was but a trifle in comparison with the sacrifices which he knew that he must shortly make in order to meet his liabilities. When to these causes for unhappiness he added the failure of his last novel, the coldness of many of his friends, and last, not least, Clare's stubborn resentment, he felt that he was indeed justified in calling himself a miserable man.

It was getting late in the afternoon when he entered the Park, and striking across it, saw in the distance that slowly flowing stream of carriages which, at a certain season of the year, may be taken as fairly representative of the wealth and aristocracy of England. "Good-by!" he murmured, regretfully, as he gazed at the color and glitter of that significant procession. To him it was significant; to him it was the expression of a life which he loved, and which he was leaving. What his future life would be like, he could only conjecture dimly; but that it would have to be ruled for some time to come by a rigid economy was certain, and every pleasure that entailed expenditure must be sternly rejected. The one solace to which he was able to look forward was hard work; and even hard work can give little comfort to a man who has begun to doubt his powers.

Now it is perfectly possible to walk along the streets of London, lost in a sombre reverie and pensively swinging your umbrella between your finger and thumb, so long as you steer straight ahead and remember the rule of the road for foot-passengers; but any sudden change of course demands a more careful lookout; and of this Adrian was made aware when, on turning a sharp corner in the neighborhood of Cromwell Road, he came violently into collision with a big man who was twirling a big stick.

The stick caught Adrian's umbrella and sent it flying into the middle of the road; the man nearly knocked Adrian himself off his legs, and then, with great presence of mind, called out, "Why the devil don't you look where you are going, sir!"

"My dear Wilbraham," remonstrated Adrian, mildly, "is that the tone of voice in which to address a man whose best umbrella you have just deposited in a sea of mud?"

"Oh, how do you do, Vidal? I didn't know it was you," said the other. "Beg your pardon, I'm sure. It was your own fault, all the same."

"I suppose so," observed Adrian, meekly. "I notice that most things are my fault. I much resemble the lamb who couldn't help interfering with the wolf's water supply, even though he did drink lower down the stream."

Wilbraham snorted, without making any articulate response.

He was not by nature a quarrelsome man, but he was in a very quarrelsome mood; and at that moment nothing would have afforded him greater delight than to roll Adrian over in the mud beside his umbrella. As this was not practicable, he very foolishly determined to relieve his feelings by giving Vidal a piece of his mind.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1463.

"I have just been at your house," he began, in a decidedly aggressive tone.

"Yes?" said Adrian. "I am sorry I was not at home; but I hope you saw Mrs. Vidal?"

"I did; and I was shocked to see her looking so pale and ill."

Adrian's brows knit together. "I don't think you had any occasion for being shocked," he remarked. "My wife is quite well."

"I thought her looking very pale and ill," repeated Wilbraham, doggedly. "I'm not surprised at it, either. Are you aware that she goes every day of her life to a hospital, where she may catch scarlet fever, or measles, or—or goodness knows what? How you can allow her to run such risks I can't understand!"

"Infectious cases are not taken at the hospital which you speak of," answered Adrian, very quietly; "and will you excuse my adding that I don't care about being told what my duty to my wife is?" He saw that the other meant to pick a quarrel with him, and he was not himself in the humor to put up with much impertinence.

"I dare say you don't," retorted Wilbraham, with a short laugh. "No; I should think your duty to your wife would be about the last thing you would like to be told of."

"May I ask what you mean by that?"

"Certainly you may; and I'll answer you, too. I mean that it isn't doing your duty to your wife to keep her mewed up at home while you go larking about all over the place. I mean that it isn't doing your duty to your wife to make love to every silly woman you meet. That's what I mean."

"As that description does not apply to me," observed Adrian, still preserving a calm exterior, "I don't know that I need notice it."

"You can notice it or not, as you please," returned Wilbraham, evidently disappointed. "If you think the cap don't fit you, you had better consult Mrs. Vidal. Perhaps she may take a different view."

"What!" exclaimed Adrian, hotly. "Do you mean to say that she—"

"I don't mean to say another word about the matter, except that *I* consider that the cap fits. And if you ask me my personal opinion of a fellow who acts in that way, I haven't the least objection to telling you that I look upon him as a blackguard."

What in the world is to be done with a man who stops you in a public thoroughfare and calls you a blackguard? A Frenchman, of course, would have no difficulty in answering the question; but an Englishman, to whom custom has denied the use of pistol and small-sword, has little choice between passing on, with the ignoble retort of "You're another," and doing as Adrian did, and hitting out with his left.

The objections to this latter course are obvious, and they become greatly increased if you unfortunately fail to knock your antagonist down. Wilbraham, who was not unskilled in the art of self-defense, avoided the blow, dropped his stick, and threw himself into a fighting attitude; and a most merciful thing it was, both for the respectable member of Parliament and for the distinguished literary man concerned, that police constable Z 99 came round the corner at this juncture with measured tread, and taking in the situation at a glance, interposed his bulky person between the combatants.

"Now, then—now, then!" said he. "Just stop that, will yer? A couple o' gents like you—you ought to know better. Now are you a-goin' to walk off quiet, or would you raythor come along o' me to the perlice station?"

Everybody knows the effect of a pinch of snuff upon two dogs which have fastened on one another. However enraged they may be, however intrepid, they must needs leave go in order to sneeze; and it frequently happens that, having sneezed, they will trot away in opposite directions to think things over. Honor has been satisfied, and a fight which ends in a draw is very nearly as good as a victory. It was thus that Messrs. Wilbraham and Vidal went their several ways without exchanging another word or look, and thus that the readers of the daily papers were defrauded of a delightful bit of scandal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STEWART GIFT.

When the late A. T. Stewart bought Hempstead Plains, it was understood that he intended to build country homes for working-men. There can be but little doubt that such was his intention, but after a thorough study of the experiments that had already been made in building homes for working-men, he found that his original purpose was impracticable. He must either charge a fair rent for his houses, in which case the working-men could not afford to pay it in addition to the cost of railway fares, or he must rent his houses at a loss, which would pauperize his tenants. Meanwhile great expense had been incurred at Garden City, and naturally Mr. Stewart did not wish that his enterprise should be a failure. Before he died he unquestionably had thought of the possibility of making Garden City a great educational centre—a sort of American Oxford. The idea probably never took any definite shape in his mind, but there is reason to think that it has influenced to no little extent both Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart's executor, Judge Hilton.

Where a few years ago was a desolate plain there is now an attractive suburban town. A Cathedral on which money has been lavished like water, a stately See House, and a magnificent pile of Victorian Gothic—the finest school building in America—make Garden City unique among our rural towns. The whole place is a noble memorial of A. T. Stewart, and an imperishable expression of the piety which spared neither money nor labor to honor the memory of a dead husband and a beloved friend.

On the day of the consecration of the Cathedral, June 2, it has been understood to be the intention of Mrs. Stewart to lay on the altar the title-deeds of the Cathedral, the See House, St. Paul's School Building, and nearly thirty-eight acres of land. These are to be conveyed to a corporation in trust for the diocese of Long Island, and will be used perpetually for the purpose of maintaining the Cathedral and the Cathedral schools. The value of the property thus conveyed is not less than $2,000,000, and in addition to this an annual sum of $15,000 is pledged by Mrs. Stewart for the ordinary expenses of the Cathedral and schools.

These schools are two—St. Paul's for boys, and St. Mary's for girls. The building already provided for St. Paul's will hold nearly 250 boys. It contains a beautiful chapel with a Roosevelt organ, an art gallery, a hospital, and a series of dormitories, recitation-rooms, and reception-rooms such as no other school building can boast. The military department of the school is under the care of an army officer detailed by the War Department, and the well-drilled and neatly uniformed boys add a picturesque element to the quiet town. St. Mary's School is at present housed in one of the large dwelling-houses of the place, but in time will doubtless have a building of its own.

The Cathedral is not a large building, as it can hold comfortably less than 800 worshippers, but it contains the largest organ in this country, which, like the organ in the school chapel, was built by Mr. Hilborne Roosevelt. It comprises five distinct organs—the chancel, the choir, and the echo organs, an organ in the crypt, and another in the tower. Both steam and electricity are employed in working the organs, and all five of them, together with the chimes in the belfry, are played from the same key-board. The stained glass of the Cathedral, which was made to order in London, is wonderfully beautiful, and is unquestionably superior to anything of the kind to be found in any other American church. In the crypt is a superb mausoleum in which rests the body of A. T. Stewart. The See House is in the Cathedral Close, and one of the conditions of the deed of gift prescribes that the house shall always be the official residence of the Bishop of Long Island. The Dean of the Cathedral will be elected after the property is formally conveyed to the incorporators, but it is an open secret that Dr. T. Stafford Drowne, the acting warden of the schools, and the secretary of the diocese, will be chosen. The pre-eminent fitness of such a choice would be conceded by every member of the diocese, whether clerical or lay.

While this magnificent gift to the diocese comes from Mrs. Stewart, Judge Hilton's share in the mattter is so great that his name will be always and justly associated with it. Not a single stone of the Cathedral has been laid without his supervision, and his has in every case been the final decision in all questions regarding the construction and decoration of the three great buildings in Garden City.

THE PEDESTAL OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

The pedestal designed by Mr. R. M. Hunt for Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty enlightening the World," which is built inside the stone walls of the fort on Bedloe's Island, is worthy of the great figure that will stand on it. Architecturally it is, as it ought to be, not obtrusive in design or ornamentation, but its massiveness is sufficiently relieved by architectural variety and ornament to prevent an appearance of a mere pyramid of stone. The design is such that the pedestal calls no attention to itself, but directs it to the statue; and so modest is it in its appearance that a spectator would not be likely to guess how large and how high it is.

The foundation of the pedestal proper is 91 feet square at its base, and 66 feet 7 inches square at the top. It makes its pyramidal ascent, not with a continuous wall, but with a series of great layers of concrete, each one smaller than the one it rests on. The base of this foundation mass is 13 feet above the mean low-water mark, and its top 52 feet 10 inches. The pedestal itself, therefore, begins at an elevation of 65 feet 10 inches, which is high above the stone walls of the fort. From these walls curved footways lead to the top of the foundation at the centre of every side. Every side of the foundation and of the pedestal is alike. The solidity of this vast foundation work is broken only by wide passageways through it at a level with the ground, and a circular vertical shaft in the middle, up which stairways and an elevator will run.

At its base the pedestal proper is 62 feet square. In the centre of each side, at the base, is a doorway 5 feet wide and 13 feet high in the middle, to which the footways from the walls of the fort ascend. On either side of every door is a projecting disk of stone, on which will be placed the coats of arms of France and the United States in relief. A good architectural effect is produced by the rough-stone work at the corners of the pedestal. Above the doors there are on every side ten projecting stone disks, which, though they are 4 feet 6 inches in diameter, appear almost as small as mere bead-work to a spectator standing on the ground. On these the coats of arms of the States of the Union will be placed in relief.

This is the line that has now been reached in construction; above it the more elaborate superstructure begins. Above the disks are large panels 23 feet 6 inches long and 5 feet 3 inches high, on which there will be appropriate inscriptions and designs. At an elevation of 72 feet 8 inches the walls of the pedestal are to recede, leaving on every side between them and two large columns and two pilasters a balcony on which doors from the inside open. This balcony is 5 feet 8 inches in width, and extends along the wall from corner pillar to corner pillar. The view from the balcony, on one side, of New York city, Brooklyn, Governor's Island, New Jersey, and the East River Bridge, and on the other, of Staten Island and the bay—will be among the finest that can be enjoyed anywhere in the vicinity of New York.

Above these pillars the pedestal becomes smaller, and its upper platform is 39 feet 4⅝ inches square. By reason of the steps on the sides of the foundation, the doors in the lower part of the pedestal, the pediments, the projecting stone disks, the panels, and the balcony, what would otherwise have been the monotonous walls of a pyramid have been relieved so as to produce a good architectural effect, and at the same time to give the appearance of the great elevation to the statue itself, and not to the pedestal. On this surface, nearly forty feet square, the gigantic statue will stand, its footstool 89 feet above the mean low-water mark. The statue is 151 feet 1 inch high, and the top of the torch will be at an elevation of 305 feet 11 inches from mean low-water mark.

The ground was first broken for the erection of the pedestal in April, 1883; the excavation was begun in June; the laying of the foundation in October; and work was continued until December, 1884—a period of eighteen months. Work was again begun on May 11, 1885, and the work will not be completed before it will have required nearly two years of continuous labor of as many men as can work on it. The stone is from a quarry on Leete's Island, in Connecticut, and the whiteness of the rough quoins gives a pleasant effect at a distance of several miles. These quoins are so heavy that the labor of lifting them to such a height has made the building of the pedestal one of the heaviest pieces of masonry ever done even in the vicinity of New York, where the piers of the East River Bridge stand as monouments of massive stone-work.

The pedestal had cost, up to May 21, $201,-04818. There was then in the hands of the treasurer of the committee $39,412. The total cost will not be less than $250,000.

Colonel Charles P. Stone, the engineer-in-chief, has as large a force of men as can work on the structure at once, and it will be finished within a reasonable time after the arrival of the statue, which is now on its way from France. The pedestal has been built to stand for all time to come.

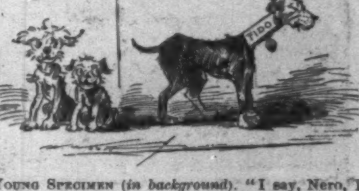
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is told of a popular French writer that he must have paper of various tints and sizes according as he works at one kind of literature or another. If, for instance, he is writing the gossip of the day for a newspaper, he employs white, unruled slips, seven inches by four; for fiction, in narrative form, he requires larger sheets, of a green color; and the paper upon which he pens his dramatic conceptions must be yellow, in sheets one foot square. Poetry he writes with equal fluency on dwarfish paper that is either faint corn-color or pink; and criticisms of the theatre or of books are committed to ordinary brown wrapping-paper, or to the backs of buff envelopes, or white envelopes which have been carried in the pocket for a long time. In dictating to a stenographer or a type-writer it is immaterial to him what kind of paper is employed.

The college papers almost without exception call the spectators at base-ball games "audiences." Of course there is considerable noise at an earnest match, and although the game is essentially a spectacle, perhaps it is as fair to intimate that it was listened to as to intimate that it was seen. That this explanation is plausible is indicated by the moral certainty that no college paper would say that "the transit of Venus attracted a large audience," or that "a vast audience brought its smoked glass to bear upon the late partial eclipse." In these instances last named, however, as at a base-ball match, the intimation of an audience might find some slight and puerile excuse for itself on the ground that there was music of the spheres.

Star dust, as the picturesque astronomers call it, or meteoric matter, as it is more ordinarily termed, has been very searchingly considered by Dr. Kleiber, of St. Petersburg, and he estimates that 4950 pounds of it fall upon the earth every hour. This makes more than fifty-nine tons a day, and more than 11,435 tons a year, which suggests itself to the lay mind as a vast quantity to be dropping upon a planet that we look to for great nicety of direction in its travels through space and among other planets. But the astronomers assure us that the star dust has been showering down upon us in this manner for untold thousands of years, that the earth still sticks to its orbit, and that there is really nothing to worry about. If the star dust were all to fall upon one spot, it would doubtless give rise to inconvenience, provided the spot were populated; but being scattered everywhere, it is so little noticeable that only the superior eye of science is competent for its detection.

More than one hundred students took part in the recent representation of *Julius Cæsar* by the Shakespeare Club of Harvard College. Some of the largest men in the college acted as lictors. The senators were all athletes, and the vestal virgins were personated by fair-haired young men without beards.

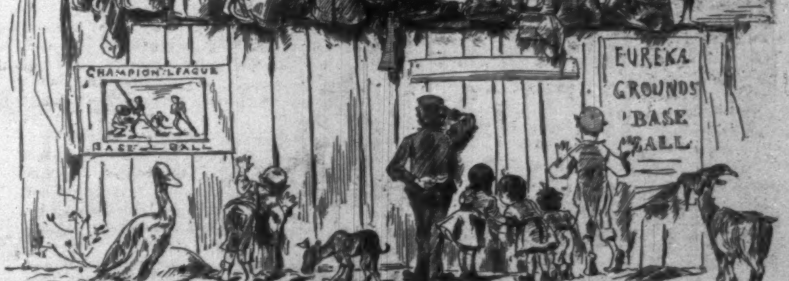


Young Specimen (*in background*). "I say, Nero, I thought dude collars were only worn by puppies!"

The aquatic cabbies of Venice—the gondoliers, that is to say—have made a demonstration against the hotel-keepers, who, they declare, keep private gondolas for their guests, in defiance of a municipal regulation, which goes to show that Adria's gondolier, in addition to being a graceful and brilliant creature of tuneful song, has the cold and rugged merit of being able to keep an eye out for himself.

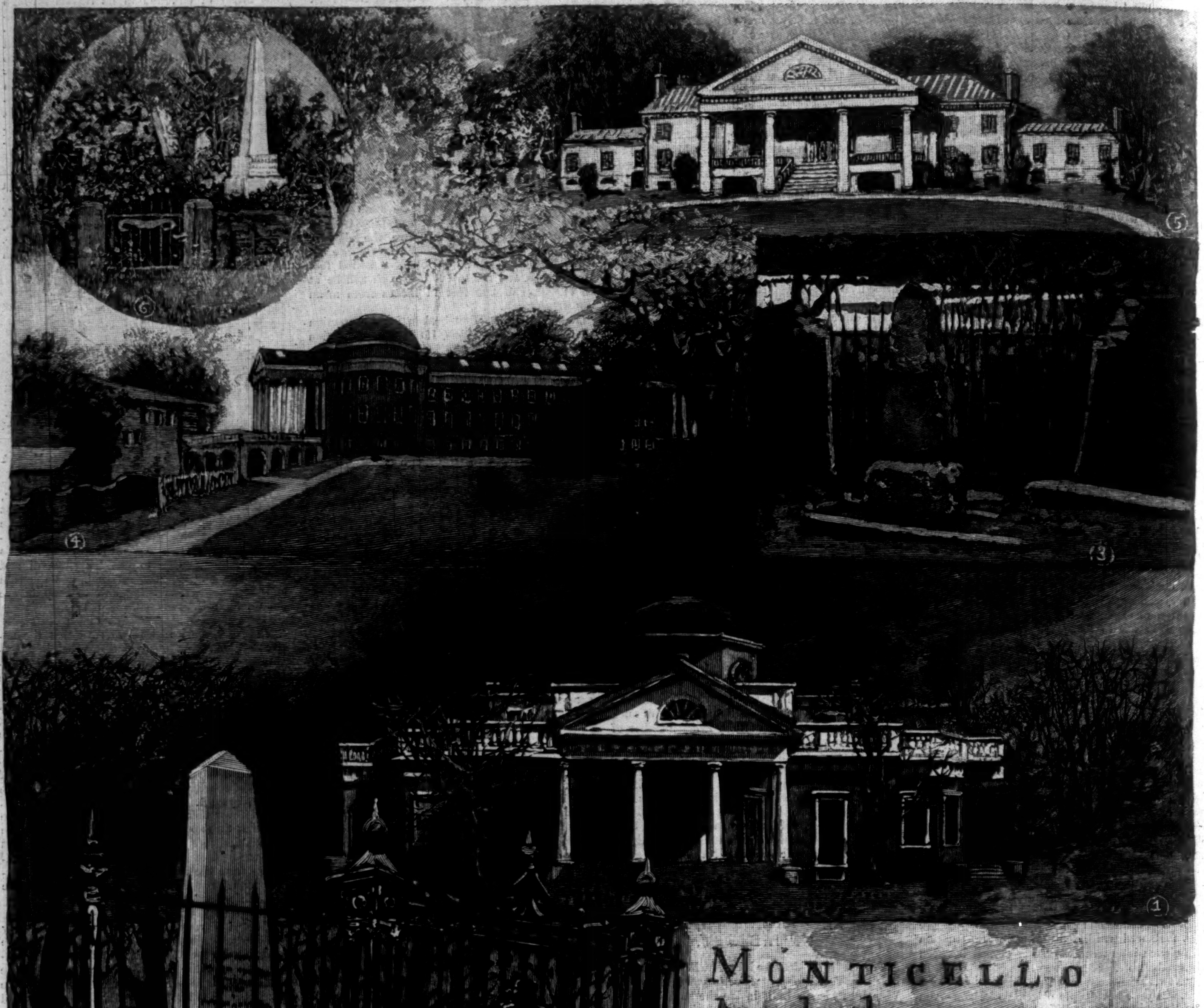
The Springfield *Republican* says that the native negroes in that town "closely resemble Massachusetts Yankees, showing the same characteristics as Yankees who have met with the same success in life. The trading instinct, the habit of judging men by a money standard solely, and the Yankee nasal twang are all to be found among Springfield's colored men; yet no one would be rash enough to class these among negro traits. On the other hand, those who have long done business in the city have the manners and bearing of whites of the same or a considerably higher grade of employment. One can not talk with a number of these men without being struck with the fact that they speak English more correctly, more fluently and forcibly, than do whites who have not had a liberal education. The more recent emigrants from the South apparently compare favorably with foreign immigrants of the same grade of intelligence."

A band of young colored persons who dearly loved water-melons were much annoyed by the constant presence of an exceedingly zealous watch-dog at one of the most desirable patches in the State of Georgia. For a while the owner of the patch had reason to believe that the dog afforded perfect protection to it, but at length he began to miss his ripest melons from time to time, and a careful study of the circumstances assured him of the fact that each disappearance of melons was remarked at the conclusion of a thunderstorm. Filled with curiosity, he noted the approach of the next storm that came that way, and joined the zealous watch-dog at the patch. The faithful animal gave evidences of being particularly alert. He bounded back and forth about the patch, barking incessantly. The storm-clouds drew rapidly nearer. Suddenly one of them was riven by a darting tongue of electrical flame, and a peal of thunder followed that seemed to shake the earth. The farmer was blinded and deafened for a moment. Then looking about, he discovered that the dog was gone, and observed the band of young colored persons above-mentioned hovering upon a distant corner of the patch. The farmer found his dog hidden under a furnace in an out-house, and was unable to coax or frighten him from his place of concealment until the storm was over. The animal was absolutely trustworthy in fair weather, but he could not face the thunder, and the band of youthful colored persons had found it out.



A MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT.

Young Citizen (*on left, looking through knot-hole*). "Sit down in front there, can't yez! How's a feller ter see?"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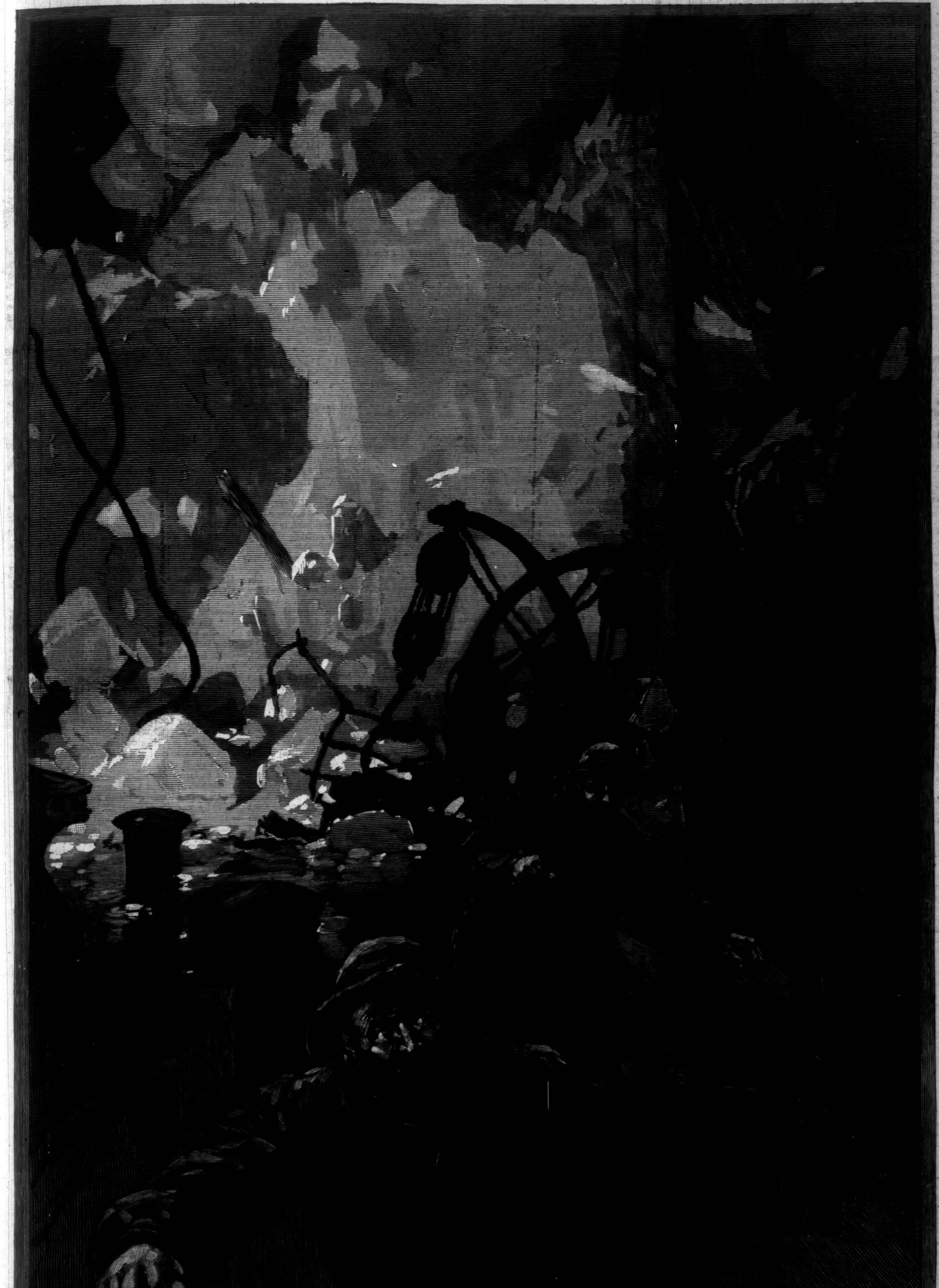
MONTICELLO
And the
Tomb of
THOMAS
JEFFERSON.
A. K.

THE HOMES AND TOMBS OF JEFFERSON AND MADISON.—Drawn by Alfred Kappes.—[See Page 363.]

1. Monticello. 2. The Tomb of Jefferson. 3. The old Monument. 4. The University of Virginia. 5. Montpelier. 6. Tomb of Madison.



THE "CITY OF BERLIN" IN COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 364.]

MERELY A YOUNG WOMAN.

Sarah Dorset dropped her book and fixed her regards upon the fire, as people are apt to do in reverie. She was alone in the parlor, and the pleasant silence was only broken by agreeable sounds—the roll of distant wheels, the stir of the goldfinch in his gilded cage, and the crackle of the fire. The flowers in the window-pots sent a tide of perfume through the air, and in all respects Sarah's surroundings were harmonious. She was dressed for the day in black silk, which was enlivened by a few coral ornaments. She now sat as motionless and statuesque as if a photographer were watching her, a handsome, bright girl, in possession of everything which ought to insure happiness, but which never does. And with these abiding facts, Sarah was disposed to dreams and mental comparisons. Her mind wandered along the track of speculation, through the swampy ground of doubt, which is illuminated here and there by the *ignis fatuus* proceeding from the phosphoric brains of philosophers. She wondered why she possessed her possessions, and why she did not possess the one mysterious, needful thing which should settle her for life in aim, thought, and fulfillment. No one thought, believed, or acted as she believed it was her capacity to think and act. She was now dreaming over some condition or period of which she had no experience; the quiet present was a pellucid, colorless medium. The last passage in her book possibly indicated her mood; at any rate, it caused the wandering of her thoughts.

"These were happy hours. As they discussed the events of the day, a book read, or some matter of feeling and experience, she learned how much agreement there was between her views and Roland's. She suddenly saw him invested with glowing colors, just as the traveller sees some fair landscape which heavy clouds have long hidden from his view. Yet Alicia had loved and had been deeply influenced by another."

"Sarah dear," said a voice at the door, "are you busy? Shall I intrude?"

"No, aunt."

Enter Aunt Lucy, a dear old maid, busy with everything and everybody, and with a profound ignorance of her own and all other individuality.

"I am so anxious for a little blue zephyr. Could you go, Sarah? My bronchitis won't admit my going out. You need the air. Mercy! the flowers are powerful; their smell is actually walking up and down."

"Aunt, Swedenborg thinks that the soul slowly exhales from the body after death. I believe the spirits of the flowers go out and die in their odors. There, a little heliotrope has just breathed its last on my forehead, I am sure."

"How does this worsted cat look?—is the tail too long?" asked Aunt Lucy, anxiously.

"It is exquisite. Certainly I'll go."

"Thank you, dear; what is trivial to you is important to me. I tell brother John over and over that you are too much educated in a fanciful way. You are so dreamy."

"I am going to learn tatting of you for the long, long winter nights when the gossips tell how Horatius crossed the bridge. Only do not object to my amusements; it savors of self-righteousness."

A cane thumped by the door now, and Sarah's father, Captain Dorset, limped in, with an air of an ancient but lively eel.

"Well, well, what's to do now, sister Lucy?" he asked.

For answer, she sighed loudly, and took a seat by the window. He looked from one to the other; he was a curious old man, with faded blue eyes, a few upright spears of gray hair, and genteel speckled hands. He was an old salt, and his whole appearance was briny; in fact, he was a retired East Indian ship-master, and had retained his nautical habits, not throwing them overboard, as sailors when they come into port toss into the sea their old toggery. Captain Dorset had the kindest heart and the worst temper in the world, and both were in constant use. He loved his sister, but quarrelled with her, and idolized his only motherless child.

"I am going out to get some blue zephyr for aunt," said Sarah. "She can't decide whether her cat's tail is long enough."

"Sister, haven't you ability enough to buy yarn?"

"My bronchitis forbids," she replied.

"Then we must have the doctor at once, I insist, cat or no cat."

During the altercation which rose upon this point Sarah slipped away, and was soon on her way to the shops.

ONLY A YOUNG MAN.

Looking down the Broadway tide, as he stood on the steps of his hotel, Mr. Hugh Falmouth pondered which way to go. He had just arrived, and any American who ever had walked beneath the shadow of St. Paul's would have defined him as a first-rate middle-class Englishman, with all his cockney imperfections on his head. With a fair letter of credit, he was prepared to go in for anything amusing, meaning to do the thing thoroughly; for who ever visited America twice for pleasure?

"What may be my focus now in this cheery panorama?" he queried. "Up or down?"

At this moment Sarah Dorset, closely veiled, walked past. Neither looked overhead for the shadow in the clouds, the sunshine in the sky, their mutual fate. Sarah, having made the necessary purchase, chose to saunter up the avenue. She discovered thereby a new opening—that of an art gallery. The door was wide, men were taking up pictures, and a statue was half unveiled on the walk. She followed a group up the steps, but was delayed at the foot of the stairs. Looking up, she caught the intent gaze of a gentleman who was also delayed at the top. As he met her eye he turned abruptly and re-entered the gallery. Sarah followed him; a few persons with catalogues were making the tour of the pictures. It was an old collection, belonging to a period of art of which Sarah knew nothing. She watched the stranger, and soon saw his intelligence concerning the pictures; she was convinced he stopped before the best. She followed his example, and in this way they went the round, arriving at the entrance together, with a conscious, comical feeling. Sarah reddened, and made a bolt for the door, which opened, and suddenly shut, inclosing a part of her skirts.

As was his duty, he sprang to her assistance.

"How extremely awkward!" said Sarah. "Thanks."

"Not at all. There is an ingenious spring on the door; a Yankee invention, of course. I should like to examine it. Pray will you kindly tell me how this collection got here? It is just like being in an old Continental gallery, and surprises me."

"Why," Sarah answered, sharply, "what did you expect, as a traveller, to find—no real civilization?—only boors and bisons, perhaps?"

That she herself had for the first time just seen a Rubens and a Vandyck she did not think fit to mention.

"Then I do carry the badge of my tribe: that I am one of the green tourists."

"Oh no. Excuse me. I merely believed you English. Thank you. Good-day." And with a sweeping flourish, which this time did not catch her skirts, she vanished through the outer door.

"Smacks of an adventure," commented Mr. Falmouth. "She was as pert as a Parisian, as elegant as a Spaniard, and, of course, a thorough American. I wonder if she writes?"

"Sarah," demanded Aunt Lucy, when they were in the parlor after dinner, "what are you coursing up and down for?"

"Examining our works of art. Why have we hitherto considered our pictures anything but immense daubs?"

Aunt Lucy, struck aghast at this heresy, exclaimed: "The 'Picnic' is beautiful, I am sure, the chicken is so well done, and the young man offering apples to the children is very natural. To be sure, our engravings are not new; but do you complain of the chromos?"

"What's that, sister?" said the captain, rousing. "I think we must have a little hot punch. I thought you were going out to a party?"

"No, brother; Mrs. Granton's party is for Thursday. Sarah does not care to go."

"Certainly she goes. Fish in the sea to be caught. Ain't you a pleasant wall-flower for her, sister?"

"I never saw a wall-flower," said Sarah.

"That is because you have not been in England, my dear. But, please the pigs, we will go, and claim our noble kindred," her father replied, winking at Aunt Lucy.

"Brother, what folly!" she began; but Sarah interrupted the impending dispute by giving an account of her meeting with the English traveller.

"I wonder at his speaking to you," remarked Captain Dorset. "I have sailed the high seas with Englishmen without learning the sound of their voices. When you do catch 'em fresh, they are uncommon. I fell into the hands of one at Calcutta; my cargo was consigned to his house. But, Lord! he is dead these twenty years. Yes, Falmouth was a prime man—sound from stem to stern."

Sarah, in passing Scylla, had fallen into Charybdis; Captain Dorset was repeating an oft-told tale, and Aunt Lucy now repeated an oft-asked question:

"I wonder, brother, why you never heard from him, you were such very good friends?"

"I inquired of my shipmates; the firm was extinct. Falmouth was a man of respectable family, and married to a Welsh lady of fortune. I scarcely saw her; she was high, very high. Doubtless they returned to England. The children then, I know, were suffering from the climate."

"If the English had more sentiment—" said Sarah. "They can't even play at it. Recollect Dickens on pure sentimental ground—"

"Novels," groaned Aunt Lucy.

"There, there, sister, take your sippet of punch. It is bed-time for us; if the young one wants to sit up over her stories, why should we bear her malice?"

"Oh, brother!"

"To bed!"

And the captain looked to his door and shutters, and tottled off. Aunt Lucy felt compelled to retire; for Sarah was already deep in her book. She was alone at last, and softly paced the silent room.

"I wonder what one's motto should be?" she queried. "*All for Love*, or *Love for all?* I am twenty-one, ridiculously comfortable, couldn't get up an excuse to be melancholy; and yet, somehow, there is emptiness even in my comfort. Now this evening—well, I'll finish my book. Never, never shall I find a chance at heroism; never shall I come into any inheritance of grand emotions. My lot forbids."

She took a survey of herself in the glass, and for the life of her could not help thinking it a pity she should be alone when she looked *so* well.

THE PARTY.

Mr. Hugh Falmouth sorted his letters of introduction, and decided to present one at the business office of Mr. Granton, for the reason that he was half decided not to make any social or society connection. He made a mistake in selecting Mr. Granton, for he was captured instantly by that gentleman, and was received with so much cordiality that he could neither refuse an invitation to dinner nor one to Mrs. Granton's party afterward. Hugh was happy to find no young misses in the house, and could be free of the intellectual full regimentals which he felt he must wear in the presence of women, and he was not ready yet for female idolatry.

Thursday evening came, and at eight o'clock Sarah was deep in the second volume of *The Lives of the Painters*. Aunt Lucy, dressed, sat fretting in her own room, and Captain Dorset smoked his evening pipe with that tranquillity which comes from the consciousness that some one is about to do your own unpleasant duty. When Aunt Lucy sailed down to reproach Sarah, he flew out at her as if she were not the one.

"Tiresome Mr. Granton!" said Sarah. "I hope he will change his remarks to-night. I know all about his sherry, and have long laid the unction of all his compliments to my soul. I shall make no effort to look my best. The everlasting old set, with their set phrases, I am sick of."

But she did try to look well, and succeeded. When she re-appeared, her father clapped his hands, and Aunt Lucy could not withhold a sniff of approbation. Her rich dark hair was rolled from her forehead in waves, and one rose placed in it; her dress was black lace over a green silk petticoat, the combination producing a cool, shady effect which became her vivid coloring. Some enamelled ornament was fastened round her neck, and she carried a pearl and lace fan. To please her father she displayed her foot, covered with an inch of slipper and a big rosette, and fanned herself out of the room with the grace of a Spanish girl.

When the carriage reached the door of the Grantons, Sarah observed that the whole front was one blaze of light. "Being 'invited to meet a few friends socially,'" she said, "of course here is an immense crowd. I won't dance."

The street boys cried "Hi! hi!" as she disappeared under the awning, and Aunt Lucy craned her neck with a thrill of pride. "The Grantons are outdoing themselves," she remarked.

"No—outdoing the Porter party of last week," replied Sarah.

Every floor was thrown open, and dancing was going on to music which made Sarah feel less censorious, and more like the young girl she was. "Good heavens!" she involuntarily exclaimed, "there's my *Lives of the Painters*," as she saw Mr. Falmouth gyrating in a dance. "He is not too lofty for the light fantastic."

He, on his part, supposed himself dizzy, coming round in the "grand chain" and seeing Sarah glide by. She was lovely, he admitted, but loveliest at a distance, perhaps, considering her very abrupt style.

"Has anything given way?" whispered Aunt Lucy, as they entered the drawing-room.

Sarah was at once surrounded, and engaged in a lively conversation, which did not prevent her from keeping one sense in abeyance for the approach of Mr. Falmouth. She knew that Mrs. Granton would play her best card for her.

"My dear girl," said that lady, "you do not dance."

"I have made a vow," replied Sarah. "Lent, you know."

Aunt Lucy half opened her mouth at this pious announcement, but experience reminded her in time to shut it again.

"Won't you break it for our guest, Mr. Falmouth? We are quite carried away with him. On the mother's side there is noble blood—Welsh—and he is rich from his Indian connections. Mr. Granton is coming this way now with him. Exert yourself to be charming, my dear."

A look of amazement passed between Aunt Lucy and Sarah, and that was all. Mr. Granton approached, wiping beads of claret punch from his brow, and the introduction took place, to Aunt Lucy's intense delight. The long-lost Falmouth—no, his son—in this country, brother John's friend, and Sarah actually talking with him! Well, it was what we read of! She scrutinized him, and hated to fall a victim to Mr. Granton's gallantry, who insisted on taking her off upon his arm.

"I am happy to have an introduction in form, Miss Dorset," said Mr. Falmouth, availing himself of a seat near her. "I trust I need no other. I have resolved to forego bisons for the present. Indeed, bearing your alliterative remark in mind, I am led to doubt their existence. Will you kindly advise me?"

"What a polite man!" she thought; "and extremely presuming."

"The bisons will owe you a debt, Mr. Falmouth," she said.

"A remarkably cool young lady, as I supposed," was his comment.

"How do these beasts tally with tigers, Miss Dorset?"

"According to Gordon Cumming, tiger-killing is a mushroom business. They cropped up in his way, and he toppled them over a dozen at a time. We say buffalo."

"Thank you. All travellers draw the long-bow. Englishmen are not to be trusted from home. I am constantly tempted to do the wildest things. How shall I prevent some extraordinary act?"

There was a lurking smile, and a confident one, in his expression, which made her believe he was capable of just what he said. She wondered why he was tugging at his glove so. He pulled it off, and put out his hand in so provokingly simple a manner that she was compelled to look. A deep scar scored it.

"When a scratch like this is accompanied by a hot breath blowing on you, and the horridest noise, one ceases to wonder at Cumming's brag."

"Do tell me about it," asked Sarah, instantly interested, as all women are when anything hurts. He might have been aware of this feminine truth, for he was not a vain man, nor apt to speak of his achievements, but he was a little impressed by this young aboriginal, so un-English every way. He felt like remaining where he was for, well, an indefinite period, and was already in his mind devising the way and means to make himself her cavalier for the residue of the evening, which was, alas! waning. Sarah was occupied with the recollection of her father's story—visions of the old days in Calcutta lapsed through the pauses of their conversation like the notes of a long remembered piece of music. But could two persons ever be such utter strangers? And, on the borders of a mere acquaintance even, what an ocean was between them—wider and more uncertain than the one he had lately crossed. The band struck up a loud, explosive march, and Sarah suddenly turned her head toward him. If she made a gesture of surprise, she was not aware of it.

"What is up, Miss Dorset?"

"That is the supper march."

"So late?"

He started to his feet, as he saw couples forming and marching away.

"May I be your escort?" he asked.

Sarah rose, muttering Aunt Lucy's name, but she took his arm and joined the rank and file. Mr. Granton's significant nod at her gave her a pang of dread, and the sense of having had too long a *tête-à-tête* with one gentleman. At this juncture Mr. Falmouth claimed her hand for the first dance after supper, and she declined it. He found a seat in the supper-room for her, and tragically asked what he should bring her.

"Oh, Aunt Lucy, come here," she called. "Where have you been? Flirting dreadfully with you, Mr. Thornbury? Thank you, Mr. Falmouth; anything you may be able to find me."

He disappeared in the cloud of men at the table, and when he came back, like Mother Hubbard, he found Sarah laughing and talking with the said Mr. Thornbury. Without giving her regards to Mr. Falmouth, she took his offering, and continued with the villain Thornbury, the worst specimen of an American he had yet seen. Aunt Lucy came to his rescue. She had observed the long conversation between him and Sarah, and took it for granted that Sarah had told the familiar story of Captain Dorset's acquaintance with his father, and went to the heart of the matter at once.

"My brother will welcome you with great pleasure, Mr. Falmouth."

The blood rushed in a deep tide to Sarah's pale face, and Aunt Lucy knew she had "put her foot in it" somewhere.

Mr. Falmouth, concluding it was the custom of the country, bowed.

Aunt Lucy went on, desperately: "With great pleasure he will meet the son of his old Calcutta friend, who was of such service."

"Calcutta!" stammered Mr. Falmouth.

Sarah attempted to cover things by saying to Mr. Thornbury, in a loud voice: "Yes, I hate parties. Such fragments one gets of ideas or facts; they are a farce, a mere charade in earnest."

"Am I to understand, madam," said Mr. Falmouth, with composure, "that a friend of my dear father's lives in this city?"

He looked at Sarah with a curious, questioning expression.

"Sarah," said Aunt Lucy, sharply, "have you left Mr. Falmouth in ignorance of the fact?"

"I intrust the romance to you, aunt. As it was, Mr. Falmouth and I were quite busy with our ordinary conversation. Rome was not built before the supper march sounded." And rising she tapped her shoulder mischievously with her fan. She also gave Mr. Falmouth a pleasant bow, and walked away with the delighted Thornbury, who instantly disgusted her by asking who her sandy-haired friend was.

Aunt Lucy, annoyed with Sarah, expressed a friendly warmth toward Mr. Falmouth, as she explained the story to him, and the way they had discovered the connection. She ended by begging him to waive all ceremony, and visit Captain Dorset immediately. With a resolution not to enter the house till Miss Dorset herself should ask him, he thanked Aunt Lucy, hoped to meet her brother on the familiar terms he knew would suit his father, who had been dead some years. This Mr. Falmouth gave as the reason for his own ignorance of the friendship. He accompanied his mother to England, and never returned to India. Aunt Lucy, in her excitement, did not remark that Mr. Falmouth said nothing of his mother's silence regarding Captain Dorset; but the truth was, she had forgotten the whole affair. Mr. Falmouth made his adieux to Aunt Lucy and to the Grantons. As soon as he was gone, Sarah declared she was dead tired, and the carriage was ordered up.

"My dear," said Aunt Lucy, as they got in, "I have not remained here so late for my pleasure. It is awfully late. John must drive fast; I dislike being so far-up town at this hour."

"Mercy, aunt! what possible danger can there be?" said Sarah, letting down the window, resting her arm on the edge, and putting out her head for the air. She was exhausted, she further declared, with the combined seasoning of the supper, the concealed cigar smoke, and the choking perfumes.

"Mr. Falmouth is a superior young man," remarked Aunt Lucy, "though not very handsome, and I presume careless, for I observed that his coat was quite worn. Dear me! I wish we were at home."

Sarah made no reply; her chin rested on her hand still, and she was inhaling the outer air. It was undeniably dark. They were passing down a street near the river, where the lamps were not frequent, and the house fronts were blank with darkness. As the carriage swung round a corner near a lantern-post she caught sight of a figure walking leisurely, with his head bent as if in thought. Behind him crept two men whose appearance startled her. At this instant John gave his horses a furious cut, and they dashed forward.

"If I ever saw danger," Sarah cried, "I see it now. Mr. Falmouth is threatened by those skulking wretches. Turn back, John, instantly. Aunt, hide your face on the front seat."

Aunt Lucy, wild with fright, protested against Sarah's order; and John, hoping the old lady would carry the point, had checked the horses only. It was too dangerous, he averred, to interfere with rowdies; besides, he guessed the policeman would soon come.

"Stop, and get off the box," ordered Sarah. "I'll drive back myself. Coward!"

"Well, miss, if we are all drowned in our beds," exclaimed John, who was scared, "I'll never be the one to complain." And he wheeled his horses round, whipping them. It was true, Mr. Falmouth was in great danger, and knew it. His back was to the lamp-post, and he was in the act of turning up his wristband. Sarah saw the act, and a thrill of admiration went through her. Had there been time for speculation she would have pondered upon this novel emotion. As the carriage grated against the curbstone, she cried, in a clear voice,

"There, father, didn't I tell you so?"

The wretches fled.

"Get into the carriage, sir, for God's sake!" entreated John. "There's no time to be lost with such a gang. They know you for a stranger."

Sarah opened the door, and Mr. Falmouth was too happy to spring in. He had lost his gloves, and although things had not come to an extremity, his breath was very short and quick. Aunt Lucy, on the front seat, was in a panic still, and crying.

"Don't, Aunt Lucy," Sarah begged, a tremor in her own voice. "It is all over. Come, give me credit; for once I was not in a dream; or, if I were, I have proved that you may trust to my instincts. I knew those men meant mischief."

Mr. Falmouth trembled in every fibre at the sound of her voice. He asked himself if he were really nervous, or had been frightened himself. As he did not speak, Sarah hurriedly continued,

"The newspapers tell us these things often, but I never dreamed of having a real experience."

"And how do you think *I* feel?" he asked at last, "to have incurred so dear a debt? Those scoundrels were London thieves; they knew me, and once able to dispatch me, no ghost could come from anywhere to tell the deed. They felt so sure of their prey that they were for joking, and asked for my watch and my gal's ring."

Sarah glanced down at his hand. Obscure as the light was, she was convinced he wore no woman's ring.

"And such English oaths," he added, "when they saw, before I did, your horses dashing up, I never heard, and I have been in Melbourne."

"What a Providence!" murmured Aunt Lucy, endeavoring to smooth her disarranged flounces.

"What a woman! what a heroine!" he answered, in a low voice.

And Sarah for the first time felt something more than merely a young woman. It was as if a vigorous and wholesome breeze had rushed through her being.

"At our door," she said, with a sigh, which meant so much that either a poem or a sermon might have been written upon it. "Mr. Falmouth, you will allow our man to drive you to your hotel."

"Of course," said Aunt Lucy. "You can but feel a shock, sir, and I shall be anxious to hear from you. Your reception in this country has been a remarkable one."

"Indeed, in more ways than one," he replied. "Miss Dorset, will you permit me to"—he was about to say call at your house, but recollected his resolve in time—"to—to thank you? Heavens, how futile words are, to be sure! I am a most unlucky stranger to you, I fear."

The front door opened suddenly, and Captain Dorset put out his head, covered with a silk skull-cap.

"What does this palavering mean?" he called. "Is the last *chassey* to be on the sidewalk? Sister, I always knew you to be dissipated at heart—a regular rake."

"Oh, father," cried Sarah, running up the steps, "we have had the most enormous adventure!"

"And, brother, we have found an old friend for you," added the cunning Aunt Lucy.

"Every one of you come in, if it must be, horses and all," said Captain Dorset.

Sarah saw Mr. Falmouth's hesitation, and divined it. "Will you not pay your respects to my father?" she asked, gently.

"It is what I most wish to do—if you wish it."

"Come in, please; I believe it is not late yet."

"Oh no! by no means late for me."

Captain Dorset, in his long flannel dressing-gown, turning up the parlor gas, resembled a lively eel more than ever. He was on tiptoe with some kind of expectation, and called for the adventure. Of course when he discovered that it was Mr. Falmouth, the son of his early friend, he was delighted. He shook hands several times, and said each time, "For your dear father's sake, young man." He would not hear of Mr. Falmouth's departure from under his roof that night, and Mr. Falmouth was persuaded to remain.

When they separated for the night, or rather morning, for the east was tinged with gray, he said to Sarah, "And this is the history of but one evening."

He offered her his hand; she took it, and felt a firm protecting pressure, and looked up. The same vivid blush dyed the cheeks of both, the same bright flash came into the eyes of each, and then they parted. While Sarah was unfastening Aunt Lucy's flowers and laces, in utter silence, Aunt Lucy cried out, with the first and last inspiration she ever had:

"Sarah, I do believe that man was sent to America to be your husband. I feel it in my bones, and I feel it every way, and it will be a happy thing."

For a moment Sarah paused, and then replied, "Aunt Lucy, I agree with you perfectly."

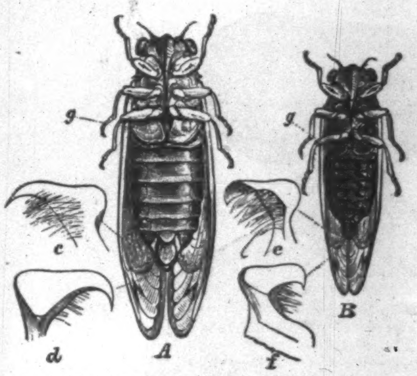
Then Aunt Lucy turned round, and the two foolish women kissed each other, and there were tears in the eyes of both.

As for Captain Dorset, he "'poned his soul" and "his honor" till he fell asleep, without a thought or dream of what might be between his girl and the stranger beneath his roof—the stranger who at this moment was softly pacing his room, with a new and happy feeling at his heart, which made him tell himself he never was so at sea in his life, and never had so wonderful a feeling of love and home and peace as at this moment when the sun was rising in a burst of yellow glory above the fan-like cloudy rays of dawn.

ELIZABETH STODDARD.

THE PERIODICAL OR SEVENTEEN-YEAR CICADA.

OF all the numerous insect tribes no one species is more peculiarly North American or attracts more curiosity than the periodical cicada, otherwise known as the "seventeen-year locust" (*Cicada septemdecim* L.). It will be particularly noticeable the present year, because there is to be, according to the chronology published, the conjunction of two extensive broods.



Colors.—(*A*) black, orange and orange-brown; (*B*) black and orange.

Seventeen-year Cicada (*Cicada septemdecim*, Linn.). A, ♂ of typical form; *c*, *d*, genital hooks; *g*, singing apparatus. B, ♂ of the small form (*cassinii*); *e*, *f*, genital hooks.

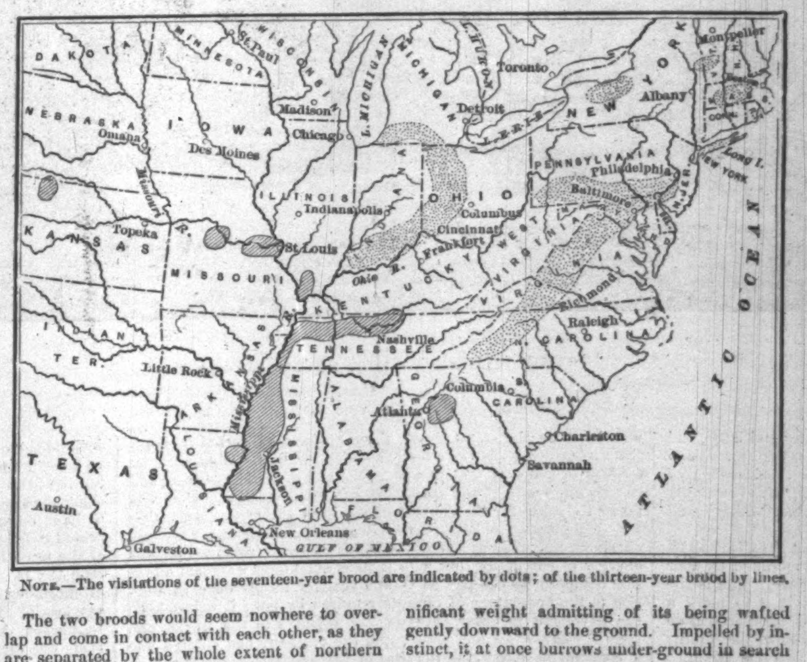
There is a voluminous literature on this insect, and a very full account of it was given by the present writer in his *First Report on the Insects of Missouri*, just seventeen years ago. In that article it is made evident that, besides a number of broods requiring seventeen years for their under-ground development, there are others belonging to a thirteen-year race or variety, which he called *Cicada tredecim*.

From the chronological record there given, the brood XXII., which is a seventeen-year brood, and which last appeared in 1868, will appear this summer on Long Island; at Brooklyn, in Kings County, and at Rochester, in Monroe County, New York; at Fall River, and in the southeastern portion of Massachusetts; at Rutland, Vermont; in Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Delaware, and Virginia; in northwestern Ohio, in southeastern Michigan, in Indiana, and Kentucky.

This brood has been well recorded in the East in 1715, 1732, 1749, 1766, 1783, 1800, 1817, 1834, 1851, and 1868.

The other brood (brood VII.), which is a thirteen-year brood, appeared last in 1872, and will occur in the southern portion of Illinois, in Kansas, Missouri, Georgia, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

It will thus be seen that the cicada is to occur over an extended area, the seventeen-year brood covering a wedge-shaped track of country, having its widest border near its northern limit, and thence gradually narrowing toward the south, with its southern point reaching northern Georgia. The thirteen-year brood is located to the southwest of this wedge, and is much more limited in extent. The relative areas of the two broods are indicated in the accompanying map. This gives only the localities which have been fully verified, though there are doubtless many other connecting points between the separated regions.



NOTE.—The visitations of the seventeen-year brood are indicated by dots; of the thirteen-year brood by lines.

The two broods would seem nowhere to overlap and come in contact with each other, as they are separated by the whole extent of northern and central Illinois and nearly the whole State of Kentucky. They approach each other most in Georgia.

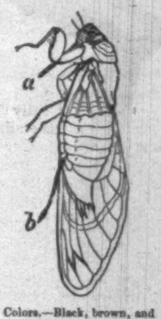
The periodicity in the appearance of this insect is so constant that the naturalist calculates as confidently on its future recurrence in a given month of a given year, for all future time, as the astronomer does on an eclipse or a transit on some particular day. There is something rather pleasant in the feeling that we may go back in mind to some particular day of a particular year in the past history of our continent, long before civilized man had discovered it, and feel perfect confidence that the woods rattled with the hoarse cry of this cicada in the month of June, very much as they are now doing.

The habits of this insect are briefly given by me in the *Western Farmers' Almanac* for 1878, from which I quote:

"The appellation of 'locust' was bestowed upon it by the early settlers of this country from an erroneous notion that it was identical with one of the 'plagues of Egypt' recorded in Biblical lore. This idea took such forcible possession of the Puritanic mind that the shrilling of these insects was thought to be a prolonged and threatening cry of 'Pha-a-a-raoh!' Its habits being entirely unknown in those early times, its sudden appearance in prodigious numbers at such long intervals naturally caused it to be regarded as a supernatural visitant sent for the twofold purpose of a plague and a warning. Hence the popular superstition construing the two W-like markings on the tips of the upper wings into a prophecy of 'war.' Timid people may rest assured that they portend nothing, unless it be warm weather. The peculiar musical apparatus of the males may be likened to a pair of kettle-drums. These drums are formed of convex plates of a parchment-like substance, folded into fine plaits and located in cavities behind the thorax. Muscles are attached internally to these plates, by the contraction and relaxation of which the drum-heads are alternately tightened and loosened, the effect being a rapid succession of shrill, rattling sounds. The males only possess these musical organs, the females being absolutely mute—a fact which was embodied in the lines of Xenarchus,

> 'Happy the cicada lives,
> Since they all have voiceless wives.'

The body of the female is provided with a complicated piercer and ovipositor, consisting of a pair of tiny double-edged saws and a spear-pointed borer, which plays between them. When not in use this instrument is folded into a longitudinal groove on the under surface of the abdomen. Both sexes have a sharp beak, or *haustellum*, with which they pierce the bark of shrubs and trees, and extract the small quantity of sap which constitutes their sole nourishment.



Colors.—Black, brown, and orange.

Seventeen-year Cicada (*Cicada septemdecim*, Linn.), side view of ♀ to show beak, *a*, and ovipositor, *b*.

"The periodical cicada emerges from the ground and attains its wings during the latter part of May or early in June, in the latitude of the Middle States, the males usually appearing several days in advance of the females, and perishing proportionally early. Immediately after pairing, the females begin the laborious process of oviposition, the result of which is the severe and sometimes fatal summer pruning of our forest and fruit trees. With her ovipositor the female penetrates the twigs of trees, and inserts therein two rows of eggs obliquely placed. The eggs are one-twelfth of an inch in length, of a pearl-white color, and taper at each end to an obtuse point. They hatch in about six weeks, usually before the branch containing them breaks off. The newly hatched cicada is very active, its motions resembling those of an ant. It soon casts itself fearlessly from the highest tree-tops, its insignificant weight admitting of its being wafted gently downward to the ground. Impelled by instinct, it at once burrows under-ground in search of rootlets, upon whose exudations and sap it subsists, penetrating deeper and deeper into the earth in following their course. It has many times been found at a depth of from ten to twelve feet."

Twig punctured by the Seventeen-year Cicada.

Twig healed after the puncture.

This cicada has many enemies, but none more striking than the large hornet or digger-wasp (*Stizus grandis*), the female of which stings, paralyzes, and buries it in a burrow beneath the ground as a future store of food for the young wasp.

There are always reports, during the prevalence of this cicada, of its stinging people; but the researches of entomologists have shown pretty conclusively that all reports of such stinging are based on misapprehension, and are more likely caused by the hornet in question, which, knocking against a person when flying with her heavy burden, will naturally resent the impediment by using her sting.

The popular appellation of "locust," applied to this cicada, has given rise to a good deal of confusion, and serves to confound it in the popular mind with the destructive locusts, or so-called grasshoppers, which ravage our crops. These belong to the Orthoptera, an order of mandibulate insects. Reports of serious injury by these ravenous pests, which belong to the same family as the locusts of Scripture, already come from the Southeast and from California. But the cicada is incapable of any such injury, as it belongs to the Homoptera, a haustellate suborder, and feeds by suction, so that it can not devour vegetation. The only injury it inflicts is by means of the ovipositor, as the sawing and puncturing of the twigs of trees for oviposition almost invariably causes the tips of the twigs to break off or die. Its injury on young fruit trees is sometimes very serious.

C. V. RILEY.

JEFFERSON AND MADISON.

MONTICELLO, the home of THOMAS JEFFERSON, in Albemarle County, near the University of Virginia, after its first owner's death became, after several changes of ownership, the property of Captain LEVY, of the United States navy. Captain LEVY bequeathed it to the government of the United States for the education of the orphans of naval officers. The government being legally unable to receive it, it became the property, first, of the State of Virginia, and then, after a contest over the will, of the heirs of Captain LEVY. It was confiscated by the Confederate government, and bought at public auction by a Mr. FICKLIN, of Virginia, who presented it to the State. After the fall of the Confederacy the property again reverted to the heirs of Captain LEVY. This estate, which has had so uncommon a history, contains the JEFFERSON burying-ground, where the remains of THOMAS JEFFERSON and many members of the family rest. The monument that was erected over JEFFERSON's grave by his grandson, THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH, during the long period when the burying-ground was neglected was defaced, and the marble slab was broken, and finally carried away by relic hunters. The inscription on it was:

HERE WAS BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
AUTHOR OF
THE DECLARATION
OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE
STATUTE OF VIRGINIA
FOR
RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND
FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.
BORN APRIL 2, 1743 O. S.
DIED JULY 4, 1826.

In 1882 a granite obelisk, on which is engraven the same inscription, was erected over the grave, with an appropiation of $10,000 made by Congress, and the burial plot was inclosed with an iron fence.

The University of Virginia, established March, 7, 1825 (by act of the General Assembly of Virginia, January 25, 1819), had THOMAS JEFFERSON as its first Rector. The main building (with the rotunda) was built under JEFFERSON's personal direction. He gave the institution at its birth such breadth of thought and excellence of method that it at once became, and has since remained, the foremost educational institution south of the Potomac, and one of the foremost in America.

Montpelier, which was the home of JAMES MADISON, is in Orange County, Virginia. It, too, has had a long succession of owners. The estate comprises more than one thousand acres, much of it covered with native growth of oaks, chestnuts, elms, and cedars. The garden was laid off after the ground plan of the old Hall of the House of Representatives. The family burial plot is now in a state of neglect, the weeds and briers making the monument to JAMES MADISON almost inaccessible. The granite shaft over his grave bears the following inscription:

MADISON
BORN MARCH 16, 1751.
DIED JUNE 28, 1836.

WARD'S "PILGRIM."

The New England Society of New York, a body of much weight and silent potentiality, bethought it some time since that it would be a fitting and a graceful thing to give some visible and tangible sign of itself, to do something which should be an agreeable and symbolic expression of the ideas which as an association it is designed to cherish and perpetuate. To this end it was decided to erect in a suitable public place a piece of sculpture which should represent in an appropriate and artistic fashion some episode, principle, or belief historically or typically identified with the beginning of New England.

The idea of a statue of one of the company of the *Mayflower* presented itself, and it seemed to be a good one, and was adopted. Thereupon the committee of the New England Society commissioned Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, N.A., to do a bronze statue of a Pilgrim, not of any particular Pilgrim, or of any one of the historic figures of that time, but a presentation of a personality belonging to the period and the spirit of the people who moved in it. Mr. Ward went to work with much seriousness and enthusiasm, and his embodiment of the New England idea will be seen in Central Park on Saturday next, the 6th inst., when it will be unveiled with the usual ceremonies.

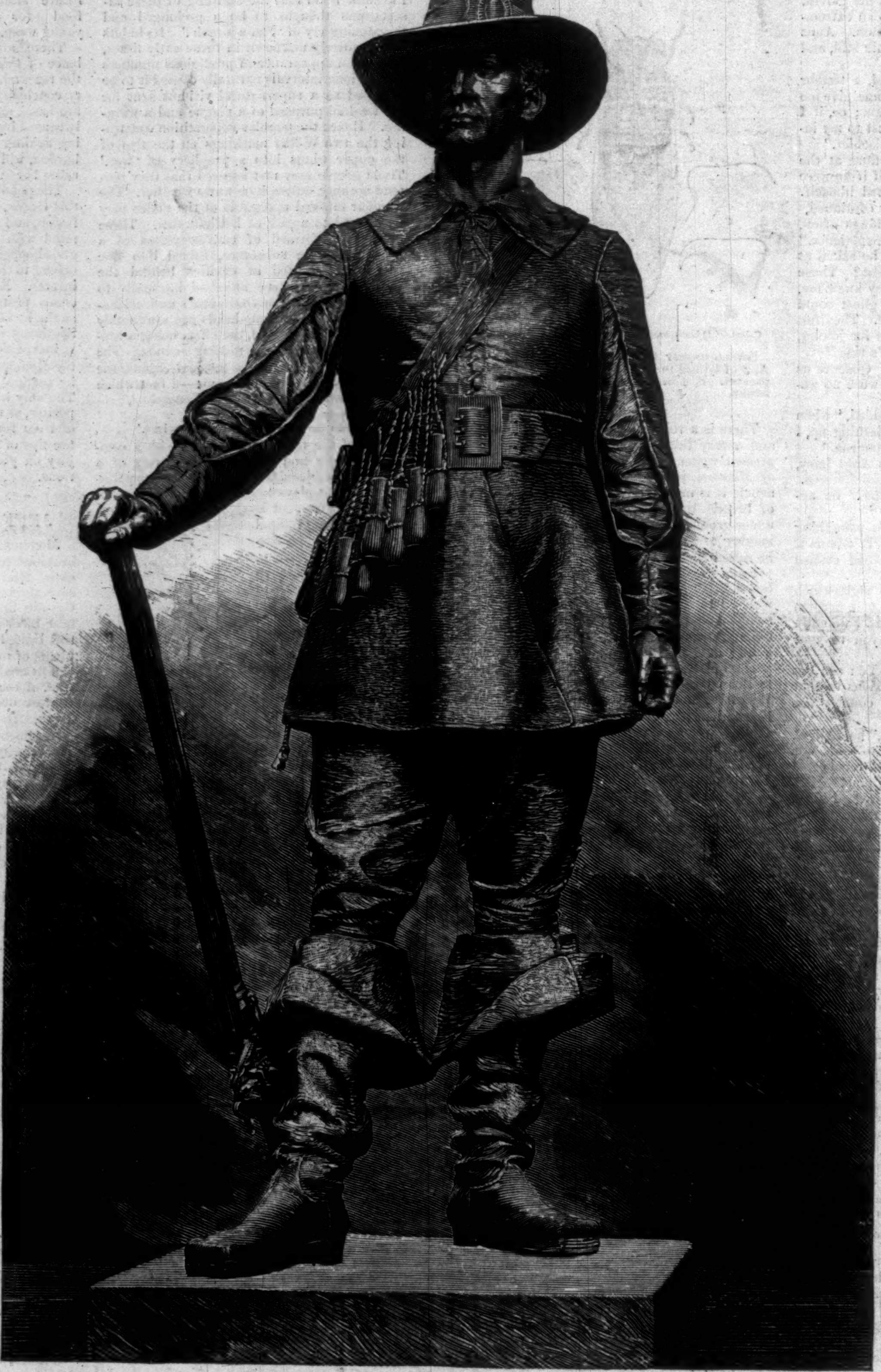
The American subject executed by the American sculptor does not always fill the soul with an abiding joy, or exalt the mind as a thing that is created of art might be expected to. In fact, our own Central Park is full of objects in stone and metal that are as depressing and as discouraging as may be. It has been the fate of an appalling proportion of all the public sculptures in this country—and the war was prolific of such memorials—to fall into the hands of thoroughly incompetent persons, sculptors of no training or cultivation, and for the most part vulgar pretenders in art, trading upon the inexperience and ignorance of those who had to do with them. There has been more to blush for in the practices and the productions of our so-called American sculptors, working at home or in Italy, than in all the shortcomings of all the other art of the country put together.

Mr. Ward's "Pilgrim" is a very wholesome and encouraging exception to an unfortunate rule. It is a large and honorable achievement, worthy of what it commemorates, and more than worthy of Mr. Ward's reputation and ambition as an artist. It is the best that he has done, the completest thing of all that he has executed, and it should be a very gratifying matter to the New England Society that its patriotic and creditable aspirations should have found such an admirable fruition.

Mr. Ward has conceived his First New-Englander sympathetically and intelligently, and out of that keen and instinctive insight into the conditions, religious, political, and other, which created his necessities and his opportunity, and of which a knowledge is essential to a proper understanding of him. It is a simple figure, heroic in measurement, or nearly so, of a man of perhaps forty years of age. He is standing in an easy, unconstrained attitude, one hand on the muzzle of an old Dutch wheel-lock and the other relaxed by his side. His costume is the conventional leathern jerkin of the time, loose knee-breeches, great boots of undressed leather with wide down-turned tops; a broad buckled girdle, with powder-horn and cartridge-cases slung from his shoulder; and on his head a stiff, high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat. In the deep shadow of the last the face is lean, angular of outline, and clean shaven, the hair close cropped, the mouth wide, thin-lipped, and firmly closed, the nose strong and large, and the eyes wide open, intent, and steadfast. The whole impression that it conveys is of the spirit of the New-England fashioning; of a man of convictions, of unbounded resolution, of unswerving loyalty to his own ideas, and surcharged with anti-liturgy and fight.

It stands upon a granite pedestal about eight feet in height, with undressed sides and raised inscription, surmounted by four tablets in bronze bearing reliefs of proper relevance. One is the *Mayflower*, another a Bible with a sword thrust in it to mark a passage, and the remaining two are devoted to designs indicative of the aboriginal character of the new country and of the quality and aims and civilization of the colonists.

W. M. L.



"THE PILGRIM."—Statue by J. Q. A. Ward.

RAILROAD TRACKS IN BROADWAY.

Broadway from Union Square to the Battery was until lately the one prominent thoroughfare of New York that had been kept absolutely free from the invasion of railroad schemes of all kinds. The only means for general travel afforded upon its roadway was the old-fashioned omnibuses which rattled and bounded over its pavements, steering skillfully through the crowd of traffic teams to and from the down-town ferries. But the horse-railway projectors have long had a greedy eye upon this great channel of transit in lower New York.

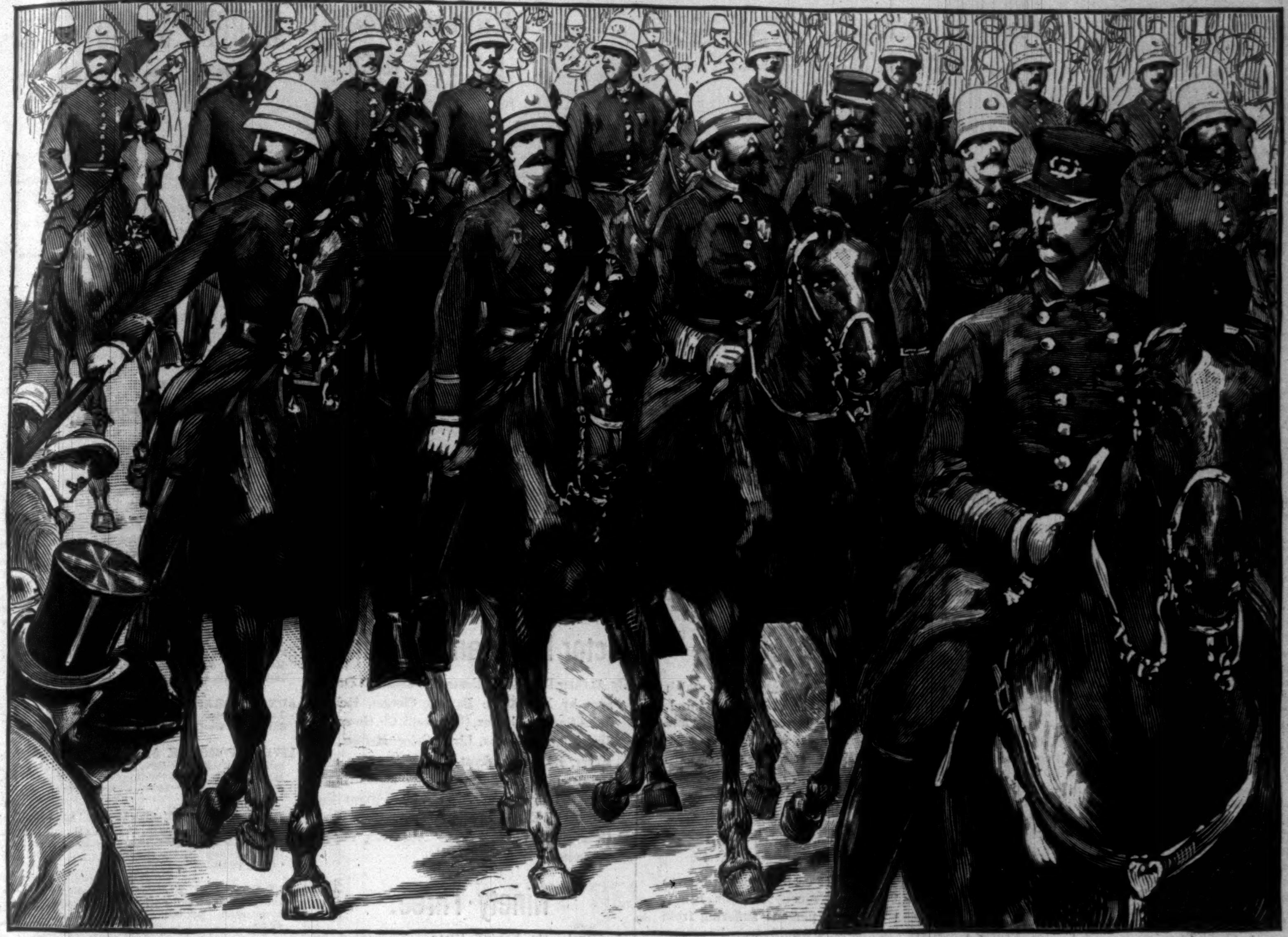
For years no new surface road could be constructed in the city because there was a constitutional prohibition against special charters, and no general law had been provided. Last year a General Surface Railroad Act was finally passed. As soon as the act was fairly on the statute-book, these projectors directed their efforts to carrying out their long-cherished scheme. Obtaining the consent of property owners was a slow and uncertain process, and no thorough effort was made to that end, but application was promptly made for the consent of the local authorities, consisting for this purpose chiefly of the Board of Aldermen. This was obtained, not without a contest which involved some scandalous charges of corruption, but with it strict conditions were laid down. The company was to pay $40,000 a year for its privilege, in addition to the percentage of receipts required by law; it was to keep the pavement in order between and adjacent to the tracks, and keep it clear of ice and snow; and the company had entered into a contract to insure the removal of the omnibuses, and made arrangements for transferring passengers to the uptown line without additional fare. Armed with this consent of the Aldermen and accompanying conditions, the enterprising projectors obtained a commission from the Supreme Court to settle the question of consent in behalf of the people. A long investigation resulted in a favorable report, and this, in spite of strong opposition, was confirmed, one member of the bench dissenting. Still a motion for a stay of proceedings pending appeal held the scheme in check, but on Saturday, May 23, this was dismissed, and all legal obstacles were out of the way.

That very night, at six o'clock, a large gang of workmen attacked the head of lower Broadway, at Fourteenth Street, and never did an invading force with a similar purpose make such rapid headway. One squad tore up the pavement for the down-town track, advancing rapidly from block to block; another laid the stringers; a third followed, fastening the rails upon them; and a fourth came speedily after, replacing the pavement in workman-like fashion. When one track was laid half a dozen blocks, the same process was begun on the other, the two advancing at an interval that would permit a continuity of travel between the gangs of workmen. Thus in double line the railroad army proceeded toward its goal at the Battery at the rate of almost a quarter of a mile a day. A year is allowed for completing the road, but less than a month will suffice at the rate of progress at which it was begun, and soon horse-cars will for the first time be seen making their way through the busiest and most crowded thoroughfare in America.

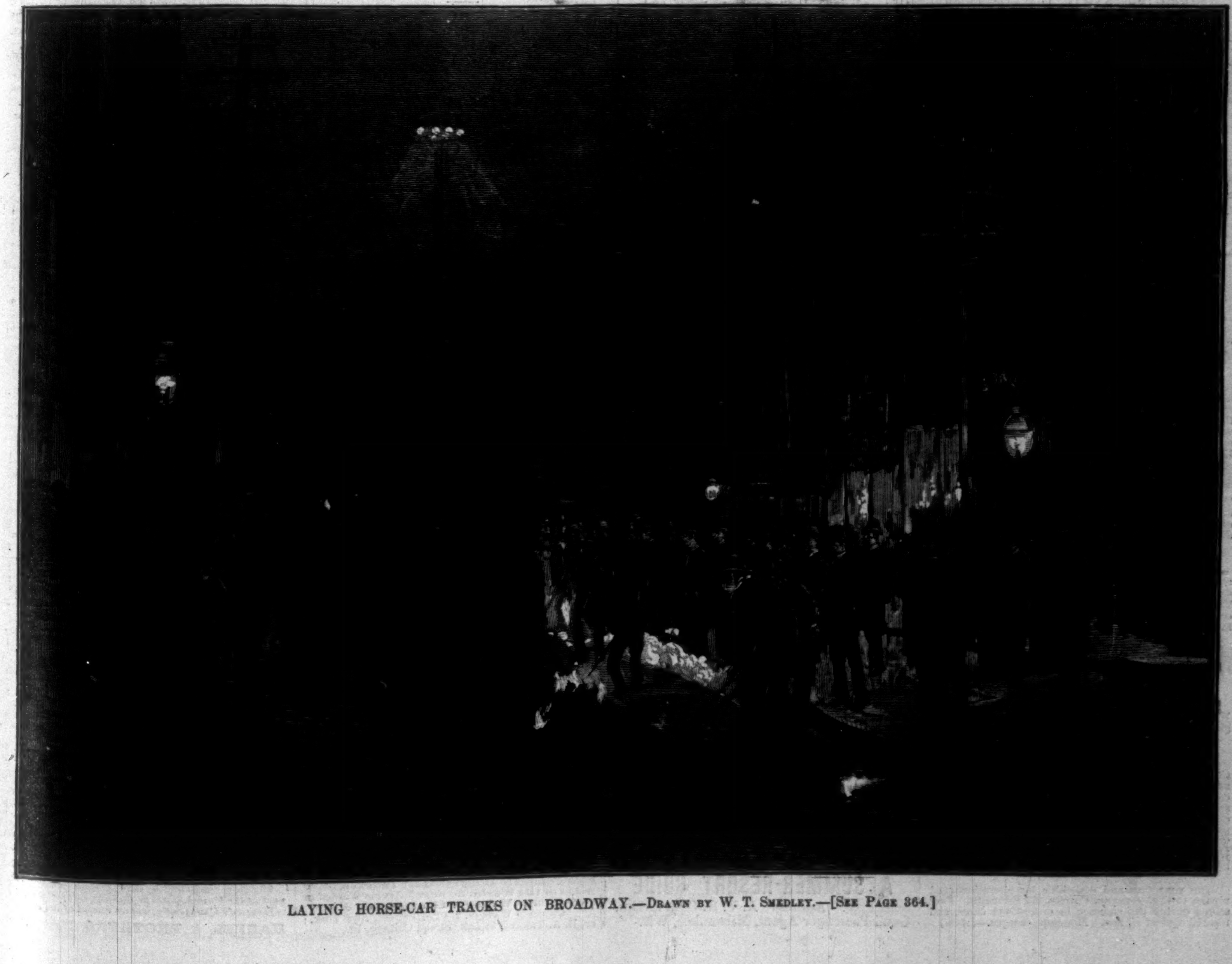
STRIKING AN ICEBERG.

The Inman steam-ship *City of Berlin* narrowly escaped destruction last week while making her way through the fogs that rise over the Banks of Newfoundland. For six days she had been favored with perfect weather, but as she drew near the coast, on the evening of Monday, the 18th, thick mists enveloped her. She was then on the southern edge of the Great Bank, and directly in the track of the drifting icebergs that make a passage in that latitude so perilous in the spring months. At half past three o'clock on Tuesday morning, while moving slowly, she struck an iceberg 150 feet high that loomed up out of the fog so suddenly that the signal to reverse the engines could not be given before the collision took place. The blow tore away the steam-ship's heavy bowsprit, with ten feet of her stem and part of the adjoining deck, but as she was not injured below the water-line, the voyage was resumed, and completed without much delay.

If the steam-ship had been pushing forward through the fog at ordinary speed, it is not probable that many of her 1423 passengers would have survived to tell the world how the *City of Berlin* went down. If she had not had an overhanging bow, and carried a massive bowsprit, the collision, even at the speed with which she was moving, would surely have shattered part of the forward end of her hull below the water-line, and in this way might have sent her to the bottom. The passengers were fortunate in being on a steamer carrying heavy projecting wood-work forward that served to break the force of the blow and to protect the hull, and in being in the care of a commander who would not drive his vessel at full speed through the fog for the sake of shortening the trip by a few hours. But he would have been still more deserving of praise if he had been moving more slowly, or if he had passed the Banks at a lower latitude, for a vessel proceeding at the rate which caution and prudence demanded would not have suffered so severely from collision with an iceberg that was, as he says, not moving at all, and the charts for the month showed that icebergs could be avoided only by using a route many miles to the southward. The collision is said to have occurred in latitude 43° 30′, and icebergs had been reported as far south as 41°. Six days earlier the *City of Richmond*, of the same line, had passed no less than seventy icebergs in latitude 42° 14′, and other steamers had found scores of them—some of enormous size—in the same region. If there had never been any loss of life on the Banks or in the waters off the coast to the southward, these facts might not deserve so much attention, but every one can recall an appalling list of collisions and wrecks that have sent thousands of human beings to watery graves there.



THE ANNUAL PARADE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE, MAY 27.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 366.]



LAYING HORSE-CAR TRACKS ON BROADWAY.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 364.]

THE POLICE FORCE OF NEW YORK.

NINE-TENTHS of the residents of New York know very little about the police force of the city. They occasionally meet patrolmen on duty, and from time to time they hear and read more or less about the political leanings and affiliations of the Commissioners, and the short-comings of a few black sheep who have been admitted to the uniformed rank and file. Too often it happens that in this way a citizen gets an impression about the character of the force that is inaccurate and unjust. He forgets that where there is one black sheep there are five hundred who are doing their duty for very moderate pay, and faithfully standing, day after day and night after night, between him and the law-breaker. In his haste he does not give weight to the fact that, while the faithless policeman's evil deeds attract his attention because they are, very properly, described and commented upon in public, the daily labors and risks and good deeds of the faithful five hundred make no impression because they are regarded as matters of course. He would not measure all the officers of the United States army by the standard of an occasional colonel or major who has fallen, but he is sometimes inclined to make the entire rank and file of the police force suffer in his estimation for the misdeeds of a worthless scoundrel who has brought upon his uniform disgrace which his companions keenly feel.

Those who have not given the policemen of New York the credit they deserve should see them in their annual parade. Then, for the first time, they may understand what warrant there is for the phrase, "the finest police force in the world." No one could have seen the patrolmen and their officers marching up from the Battery on Wednesday, May 27, without feeling that their bearing and appearance called for respect as well as admiration. The ranks were filled from end to end with men in the full vigor of manhood—men of sound and active brain, whose bodies exhibited abundant evidence of health and exceptional physical strength. The officers, many of whom are known far beyond the limits of this city as men of rare ability in their calling, seemed worthy leaders of the rank and file.

These 1400 sturdy marchers, with as many more who were on duty throughout the city, were the men who made more than 70,000 arrests last year in New York, protected the property and lives of hundreds of thousands of citizens, and preserved order. This little army costs $3,500,000 a year, and its soldiers are not overpaid. It is the most useful army of its size in the world. And those whom it protects should strive to maintain its efficiency and guard its good name by keeping scoundrels out of its ranks, and providing for it worthy supervisors and commanders.

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great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight st., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

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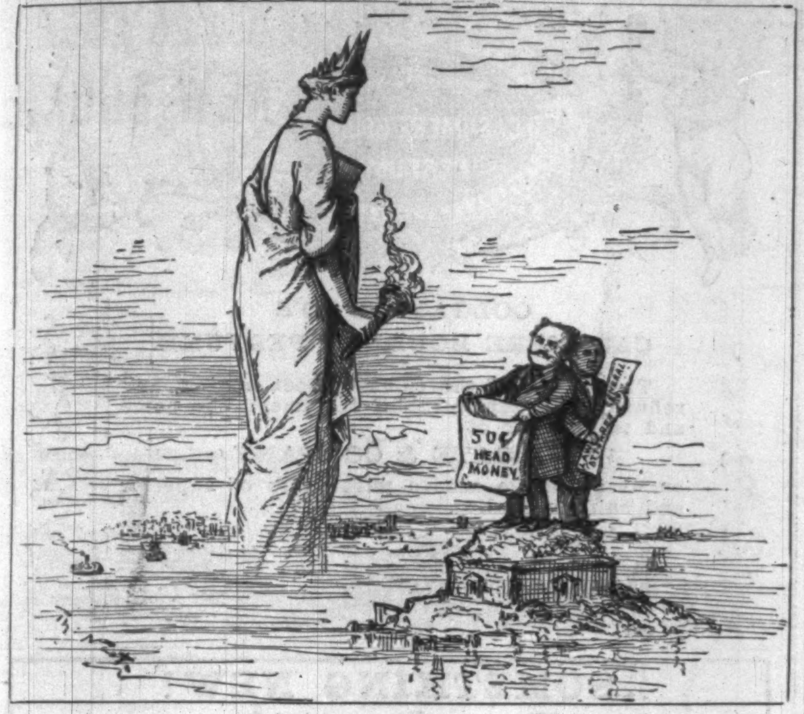

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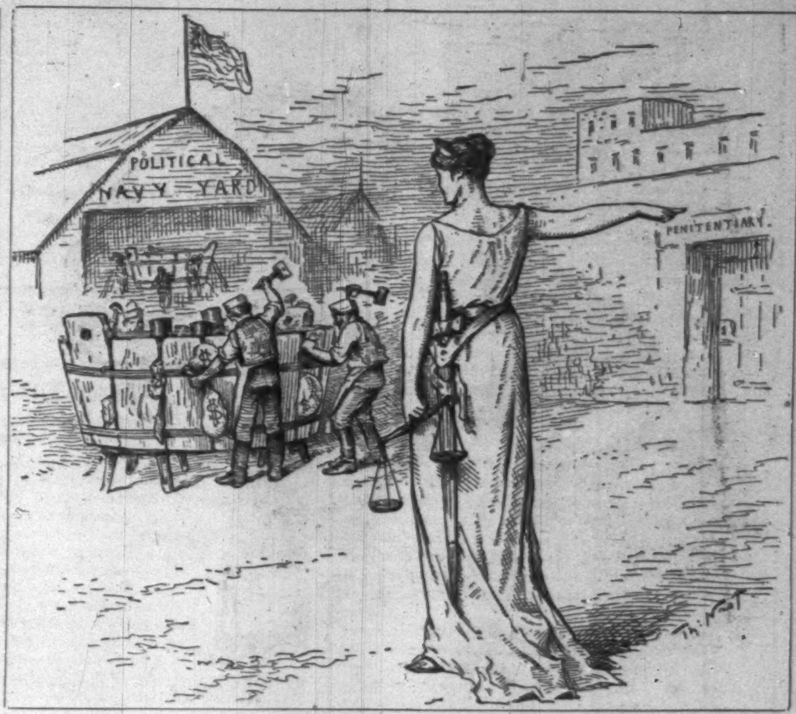

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